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TABLETS

EVA? CAROLINE?

by Allan Vaughan Elston

ROGER MARSH made a desperate effort to speak calmly.

"That is absurd and impossible. My wife died four years ago."

Inspector Whipple, who had just arrived in Baltimore to interview Roger Marsh, gave the photograph a puzzled stare. It was the picture of a woman, one which he had taken himself only the day before in Seattle.

"Then this," he said, "can't be your wife."

Roger tried hard to control himself. "Of course not," he said stiffly. "You admit it looks like her?"

"I admit it does. If you'd shown it to me four years ago I might have sworn it was Caroline. But since you took it only this week, it has to be someone else."

They were in the drawing-room of the old Marsh house. Five generations of Marshes had lived there amid high-ceilinged elegance.

And Roger Marsh, severely handsome at thirty-three, looked part of it. A portrait of his great-grandfather over the mantel had the same narrow, granite face, the uncompromising gaze of a man who doesn't believe in change. Apparent, too, was a long-bred restraint which would be instantly revolted by anything sensational.

Inspector Whipple studied the man sitting opposite him, then he said: "Who, Mr. Marsh, was with your wife when she died?"

Roger reminded himself that this police officer was his guest for the moment and must be treated as such. When he spoke, it was with a carefully disciplined patience. "I was. So was our family doctor. So was a nurse at a local hospital."

"Tell me the how, when, and where of it, Mr. Marsh. You'd been married how long?"

"I was married eight years ago," Roger told him. "Seven years ago I went into the army and was sent overseas. In London, three years later, I received a cablegram from Dr. Cawfield, our family physician, saying my wife had pneumonia. So I got an emergency leave and flew home."

"Was she still living when you arrived?"

"Yes, but failing fast. She lingered on for six more days."

"Did she have a twin sister? An identical twin?"

"She did not," Roger said. "What are you suggesting, Inspector?"

"You are quite certain the woman who died was your wife?"

With a stern effort Roger controlled his irritation. "Are you implying I didn't know my own wife? I tell you I was there at her bedside. So was Dr. Cawfield. During those last six days she was occasionally able to talk and receive visitors. Many of her closest friends called to see her."

"The woman in Seattle," Whipple explained, "is known to the police as Eva Lang. She's a confidence woman and five years ago she killed a man in Detroit. The crime was witnessed. Police had a good description of her, but no fingerprints."

"A week ago we raided a farm near Walla Walla, Washington, where four wanted men were hiding out. Three of them were killed in the fight; the fourth escaped. But we picked up a woman living with them who was identified as Eva Lang. Her defence is: 'I'm not Eva Lang; I'm Mrs. Roger Marsh.'"

Roger reclaimed the photograph and gave it a long, bitter stare. "This woman just happens to look like Caroline. So now she's using that fact to save her life."

"She gave us a list of twenty-eight people in Baltimore who, she claims, will verify that she's Caroline Marsh," Inspector Whipple said. He handed Roger a list of names.

Roger saw that his own name headed it. Next came Dr. Cawfield; Effie Foster, who had been Caroline's most intimate friend, was third. Others on the list were neighbors, club-women, friends.

"This is the most ridiculous hoax I ever heard of," Roger said. "These same people were at her funeral."

Whipple nodded in sympathy. "No doubt you're right. But it's something we have to straighten out. Did your wife have any distinguishing scars?"

Roger concentrated. "Only one," he said. "Just after we were married, she burned the third knuckle of her right hand with a hot iron. It left a small star-shaped white scar."

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The shock on her face was as though he'd struck her. "You don't know me, Roger?"

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Page 4

Eva? Caroline? *Continued from page 3*

THE statement startled Whipple. "Our prisoner in Seattle," he said, "also has a burn scar on the third knuckle of her right hand."

Roger closed his eyes for a moment. This can't be happening, he thought.

"If Caroline had had a twin sister," he snapped, "she would have told me. I don't want to be brusque, Inspector, but I have no desire to be dragged into this."

"The trouble is, you're already in," Whipple argued amiably. "It's like this: Detroit police want to try Eva Lang for that murder she committed five years ago. But when she claimed she's your wife and named twenty-eight witnesses to prove it, Detroit got worried. If she really is the wife of a wealthy Maryland lawyer, extraditing her as Eva Lang might get them in hot water."

"So they tell us to disprove the Marsh angle first, then they'll take her to Detroit for trial. That's why I came here to Baltimore. I want to take the top three persons named on the list back with me to Seattle. They can look at her, talk to her, and say whether she's your wife."

"You want to take me, Dr. Cawfield, and Effie Foster clear across the continent just to say a living impostor isn't a woman who died four years ago? I won't do it. Talk to Dr. Caroline while you're here and with nurses at the hospital if you want to; then go back to Seattle and tell Eva Lang to retract her ridiculous statement."

Whipple said tolerantly: "I don't blame you for wanting to avoid publicity. But you're heading right into it. Because ultimately she'll go on trial for murder and her defence will be that she's your wife. You yourself will be subpoenaed as a witness to identify her. It'll be a field day for the papers. So why not silence her at once, in the privacy of the Seattle gaol? Think it over, Mr. Marsh."

Reluctantly, Roger realised the inspector was right. "Very well," he agreed. "I'll go. She may look like Caroline, but she isn't. I can trip her up with questions. Small details that no one but Caroline could know."

Whipple gave a shrewd nod. "That's the idea. And now about taking along Dr. Cawfield and some close woman friend. We want to keep this hush-hush if we can. So why not call them up and ask them to come over?"

An hour later Inspector Whipple sat facing an audience of three. Dr. Elias Cawfield, grey, oldish, testy, was taking Whipple's questions as an insult to his professional integrity. "I issued that death certificate myself," he blazed at Whipple. "I'll have you know, sir, that—"

Effie Foster, a plump blonde of Roger's age, put a hand over the doctor's lips. "Now, let's not get excited," she soothed. "That woman's just trying to put one over, and, of course, we won't let her get away with it."

"Does she presume to give any details as to how she's been spending the past four years?" Roger asked the inspector.

"Plenty of them," Whipple said. "Personally, I don't believe her, not for a minute. I think she's Eva Lang, a career adventuress guilty of murder and trying to avoid the penalty by claiming another identity."

"If she gave details," Roger said, "let's hear them."

"She claims that you, her husband, went off to war seven years ago, leaving her in this house with a couple of servants. But as the war went on and the housing and manpower shortages grew, she turned over the lower floor to a ladies' club who made bandages for soldiers, laid off the servants, and occupied the second floor alone."

Roger, Effie, and Dr. Cawfield exchanged glances. "That's exactly what Caroline did!" Effie exclaimed.

Roger nodded. "Yes, she wrote me about it. For the last year of her life she lived upstairs alone. Everybody knows that. So what?"

Whipple resumed: "She says that one night she answered a knock at the door and her own image walked in. The image said, 'You're Caroline, I suppose. I'm Evelyn Blythe.'"

Again Roger nodded. "My wife's maiden name was Blythe. But she never mentioned an Evelyn."

"What members of the Blythe family did you know?" Whipple asked.

"None but Caroline herself. She was twenty-three when I met her, and a salesgirl in a New York department store. When I got to know her better she told me her mother had died when she was fourteen, that she'd been earning her own living ever since, and that she couldn't remember her father at all. She said her mother would never talk about her father. She knew of no living relatives."

"Bear in mind what I'm telling you is Eva Lang's story, not mine," Whipple cautioned. "It goes on like this: Evelyn told Caroline that they were identical twins; that their father and mother had separated when they were small children, each taking a twin. The father took Evelyn, the mother Caroline. But the father had a photograph of his wife. At his death Evelyn acquired it."

"She showed it to Caroline, and Caroline definitely recognised her

"Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life!"

—George Meredith.

own mother. That, plus the testimony of a mirror, convinced Caroline that they were twin sisters. Eva Lang says now: 'I'd always hungered for a blood relative; so I, Caroline Blythe Marsh, took Evelyn to my heart.'"

Roger listened, tense and incredulous. Dr. Cawfield snorted: "It's preposterous!"

"I can accept the fact of twins," Whipple asserted, "because you all admit that this photograph looks like Caroline. But I don't believe that Eva Lang is Caroline. For my money, she's Evelyn."

Roger protested: "It won't stand up, Inspector. Even if we concede that Caroline could have had a twin sister without knowing it, it still won't stand up. Because my wife would have presented this sister to her friends. She would have written me all about it."

"According to Eva Lang," Whipple countered, "that was her first and natural impulse. But Evelyn begged her not to. She said she was in trouble. Some men were looking for her, and she mustn't let them find her. If Evelyn could just hide here till the men hunting for her gave up and left town—"

"Go on," Roger said.

"It took a lot of pleading by Evelyn. But Caroline, naturally sympathetic and warmhearted, finally agreed to let her stay in hiding. Evelyn said a few weeks would be long enough; then everything would be safe and she would go away. Actually Evelyn stayed at least two months. She wore Caroline's clothes and fixed her hair like Caroline's."

"Take a look at this," Whipple produced a latchkey from his pocket. "We found it in Eva Lang's purse. See if it fits the front door."

Roger took the key to the door and tried it in the lock. The key was a perfect fit.

"If you showed me a hundred keys," he muttered, "you still couldn't convince me."

"I'm not trying to convince you, Mr. Marsh. I'm just showing you what you're up against with this Lang woman. It's pretty clear the real story is this: After two or three months here, Evelyn made good on her promise and slipped away."

"When things cooled off she drifted back to the underworld she came from. Then she read in the papers about Caroline's death and got an idea for defence if she was ever picked up. She'd swear she was Caroline and that it was Evelyn who had died in Baltimore. Preparing for it, she took a hot iron and burned the third knuckle of her right hand. But that, of course, isn't the way Eva Lang tells it."

"How does Eva Lang tell it?" Roger asked.

"She claims that she, Caroline, was awakened one night by coughing. Evelyn had caught a bad cold. So Caroline walked two blocks to a drugstore to get a cough remedy for Evelyn. On the way home two toughies stopped her. 'So it's little Eva,' they said. 'We've been looking all over for you, Eva. We can't risk lettin' cops pick you up. They'd put on the heat and you might talk. So we're takin' you home.' The next thing she knew she was riding in a closed car."

"And she didn't call out to the first passer-by?" Dr. Cawfield scoffed.

"She says she was taped up, hands, feet, and mouth. The men drove only by night. A week of nights took them to an isolated farm in the State of Washington. Two other men were there, one of them a forger named Duke Smedley. He'd been Evelyn's sweetheart. He walked up to her and took her in his arms. 'Hello, Eva,' he said and kissed her. She slapped him, crying, 'I'm not Eva.' He looked more closely at her and turned in fury on the two men. 'You stupid fools got the wrong girl.'"

"Three of them still thought she was Eva; only Duke Smedley was sure she wasn't. But they had her. They didn't set her free. It meant their necks if they did. So they held her."

"For four years?" Cawfield said derisively.

"The woman says they didn't mean to. Three of them wanted to kill her right away. But Duke Smedley wouldn't let 'em because she looked so much like Eva. Pretty soon they saw the notice of Mrs. Marsh's death in the Baltimore papers. Smedley got the Baltimore papers to see if Caroline's disappearance would be discovered."

"His argument then was: 'We don't need to do away with her; she's dead already. Nobody's looking for her.' Too, there was the idea of holding her as a hostage, an ace in the hole if it ever came to a showdown with the police."

"I don't believe it," Roger said. "Nor I. The police theory is that Eva Lang went there of her own free will and was part of the mob."

"She ought to know that she hasn't a chance in the world to put this over."

"I think she does know it," Whipple agreed. "I don't think she has the least idea of being accepted and taken back into your home. But she can get an acquittal if just one juror out of twelve feels a reasonable doubt. Eleven can be as sure as you are that she's an impostor. But if only one juror thinks, well, maybe she is Mrs. Marsh, that would be enough."

"Cheer up," Effie Foster urged breezily. "It's a headache, of course, but it mustn't get us down. We'll go to Seattle and ask her questions. If you're Caroline, what did I give you for your birthday five years ago?"

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 24, 1950

Gentian Hill

by ELIZABETH GOUDGE

PART THREE OF A SEVEN-PART SERIAL

Anthony, now Zachary, sets off on his adventures. He carries the memory of a small figure in a red cloak and waits for their next meeting.

SYNOPSIS

WHEN the leading frigate of the British Fleet, scouring the seas for Napoleon's navy, sails into quiet Torbay, she carries one unhappy midshipman, MR. ANTHONY LOUIS MARY O'CONNELL. Anthony, an orphan, believes he has been unjustly punished for sleeping on watch, and, in desperation, deserts. While Anthony is immersed in adventure, on peaceful Weekaborough Farm, a few miles away, MOTHER SPRIGG, in response to questioning by ten-year-old STELLA, confesses that she is not her true mother. Stella, she says, as a baby was taken by FATHER SPRIGG from the arms of her dead mother, after the wreck of the frigate Amphion, and brought back to be raised as their own child.

That evening at the stable Stella meets a hungry and bedraggled young vagrant. Later that night she steals food from the pantry for him. He tells her his name is Zachary. The next morning Zachary continues his travels and comes to a mill. Now read on:

chirping like a cricket on my doorstep without a by your leave? What do ee want, eh?"

Zachary found that he knew how to behave with this jovial bearded giant of a man. He did not ask humbly for work as he had done at the farms, deprecating, ashamed of

"Worked at a mill afore, eh?" demanded the miller in a voice like the last trump. "Know the work, do ee?"

"Not me!" said Zachary cheerfully. "But I've worked on the land, in a sign painter's establishment and a scrivener's office."

He paused for a moment, and in extenuation of the cheerful lie there rose before his mind's eye the exquisite small garden of the Bath square where he had lived, the sunny library where he had learned to read and write, and the studio of a distinguished artist where he had once been allowed to play about a bit with canvas and paint.

"I can weed your garden, paint your doors, sing tenor to your bass, and learn the work of the mill in a jiffy." He paused dramatically, his eyes going to the bovine countenance of the loutish boy. "And I can make out your bills for you in a fair hand, and reckon up the price of fifteen bushels of wheat at whatever it is a bushel, and see you're not cheated."

"Who says I'm cheated?" roared the miller in a sudden explosion of fury.

"An unlettered man is always cheated," replied Zachary equably. "A shilling a week, a bed, and my food?"

"A shilling a week?" roared the miller. "Dammee! A shilling a week, vittles, and bed for a shameless young dolt still smelling of the gaol?"

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ZACHARY knew nothing about mills, but his musician's sense thrilled to the music that was bursting all about him. He went forward to the open door and looked inside and was fascinated even further. It was like the inside of a dim, warm cave, with a succession of wooden galleries linked by a flight of wooden stairs.

The air was pervaded by a rich nutty sort of smell, and the floor drifted in a fine dust gilded by the sunbeams slanting through the narrow windows. Peering through the gloom, Zachary could see the turning stones and the corn running down through the hopper in a shower of gold.

On this day of golden sunlight it was all brown and gold, warm and rich, and the dimly seen figures of the huge man and the only slightly less huge boy moving about in the shadows looked less like a miller and his grinder than Vulcan and his satellite fashioning a sword for Siegfried out of the flowing gold.

But it was not the music of Wagner that was being roared forth by the bearded giant, but the old song "Drops of Brandy" that Zachary knew only too well from hearing the sailors singing it at grogtime.

Yet he could not hate it to-day, for the gay old country dance tune went weaving

in and out of the music of the wheel, the water, and the hopper, so happily and infectious ly that in a moment or two he was singing himself.

He had a fine soprano voice as a boy and he would be a fine tenor in a few years' time; at present it was difficult to say what he was, but he had a perfect ear and the sounds he made were clear and true.

And Johnny shall have a new bonnet
And Johnny shall go to the fair,
And Johnny shall have a new ribbon
To tie up his bonny brown hair.

The hopper clicked to a standstill, the golden stream thinned to a few drops, and the miller strode over to the door.

"Hey, there, lad! An' who may ee be,

his poverty and his rags; he stepped forward in front of the door, feet apart, hands in pockets, head thrown back, dark eyes sparkling.

"Well, sir, it's plain you need another lad about the place," he said gaily, grinning first at the miller and then at the great lout of a boy peering over the miller's shoulder. "One's not enough, it seems." And one of his eyebrows shot up cheekily as he darted a quick glance first at the wild patch of garden and then at the dirty windows of the mill and the doors with the paint peeling off them.

Doctor Crane lifted the unknown boy in his arms, and turned to find a grim-faced man staring at him.



The Australian Women's Weekly,
June 24, 1959 — Page 5.

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LC6/FPO

MR. ROGERS SHOULD WORRY

It was a strange journey that took him back into the past, and then forward into the future.

by

B. L. JACOT

HE moved to replace the receiver and paused, and for a while the telephone buzzed unheeded in his hand. Now that it had come, it caught him in a panic. He was thinking that though you can measure almost everything else in the world, you cannot measure time.

There was all his life up to the day he went to that picnic and met—remember?—a girl with blue eyes and soft, fair hair.

It was the simplest way in the world to meet, but nothing was ever the same afterwards for either of them.

He remembered she was wearing a frilled blouse and a plain skirt. Somehow he had never thought before how pretty a frilled blouse and a plain skirt could look.

After lunch they had walked through the woods, and had gathered bluebells. He remembered thinking they matched the color of her eyes. And the corn in the fields—that had been the color of her soft hair. But, of course, then he had been very young and very romantic.

And what did it amount to now? Nothing. And how much time was there since? Can you measure that sort of time against the calendar?

The telephone was clacking in his hand now, like an angry Donald Duck, and he put it back in its cradle. This was one of those things you simply had to go through with, wasn't it? No matter what, you had to go on with it. He pulled himself together and made for the stairs.

He was hurrying, not because he was scared, but because he had to hurry.

He drove the big car himself and, over the familiar route to the house, the landmarks came up at him and swept by with an air of unreality.

He could feel his hands clammy on the wheel. He had to keep swallowing to relieve the tension in his throat. But when he saw the house itself, her home, it was different.

He looked the place over in a detached sort of way. Privet hedge and a cement path up to the prim front door—semi-detached, with a strip of lawn at the back and the bathroom half-tiled.

Tens of thousands of homes just like it. Yet, this one was something special—wasn't it?

This was where she lived. He thought of it suddenly, as if it had never struck him before. This was what made her tick.

"Sweet Rosie O'Grady!" he called, and from the speed with which she appeared at the front door, her sister at her elbow, he knew she had been ready for him for some time.

"The neighbors," she said.

"If you worry about the neighbors, Miss O'Grady," he said, "you never stop worrying—at all, at all!"

He helped her into the car with a touch that was almost reverent, and she turned to wave bravely to her sister at the window.

"What made Mr. Rogers send you?" she asked. Her eyes were bright.

"He sent the best-looking man he had," he explained.

"Is he as modest as you?"

He was watching her in the rear looking-glass. It gave him a rich, warm feeling to have her safe in the back of the car he was driving. He just made the lights at the cross-roads.



They met quite simply, at a picnic, but nothing was ever the same afterwards for either of them.

"Mr. Rogers is a kind and considerate employer. He has built up a very nice business in the car-hire line, and he has a very nice little wife."

"So he's married, is he?"

He nodded.

"What's she like?"

"Oh—not too tall and not too short. Very nice. Getting a little roundish—plump now, some might say. But nice. They've been married eight years."

"Eight years!" she echoed, and shook her head. "Darby and Joan!"

"He's been very busy making money. His business is a success—did I tell you? Perhaps they haven't bothered about much else—getting old, I mean."

"I've always had a sneaking regard for your Mr. Rogers," she said. In the middle of her teasing smile her lips suddenly contracted. She had a tensed look.

"Look!" he managed, fighting back an unreal sense of panic. "You're quite sure—"

"This is a fine time for you to start to worry!"

A LUMP came to his throat. He was thinking of that time coming back from the picnic on the top of the bus. The stars were so close you felt you could reach up and touch them, and the light of them was in her hair. Something about that time together was up there among the stars for ever.

"He's much too good for her," she said, and smiled. "Maybe they don't mind getting old together."

He swerved to avoid a wandering taxi-cab and pushed up his speed. He was in a hurry.

"Mr. Rogers is thirty-two," he said. "Is that old? He should worry! I suppose his wife doesn't

do a thing—eh? She's got him where he is to-day. That's all she's done."

"Don't you believe it," she said.

They were on the tramlines now—and the shops were flying past. "Scared?" he joked.

"I was thinking of their children," she said. "Didn't you say they had two?"

"I did not." He blasted his horn at a cyclist wandering over the road. "Somewhere at the back of every marriage there's a reason. With the Rogers, I'd say it would be children."

"I thought he was so wrapped up in his business?"

"I said the back of the mind. A thing like that has to be there, like ballast."

Enthroned by herself in the back of the big car, she nodded. "Like the Bluebird. You mean it was always on his mind?"

"I'd say so, if you asked me."

"And his wife didn't know. You're telling me she didn't even suspect?"

"Are you asking me if I can look into any woman's mind, Miss O'Grady? Maybe she'd been so busy helping him along. Pushing him to where he's got. He was just a young mechanic once. And then he started up on his own. Remember?"

"They used to live above the garage in a tiny flat, and she used to pop her head out—so I've heard—and whistle him up to his meals."

"Fancy being married eight years!"

"I'll bet Mr. Rogers isn't worrying about that," he said. "What's eight years? You women think of the silliest things!"

They were nearly there. "If he could see you now," she said, "shaking like a jelly!"

He turned down the side street

off the main road. "Made it," he said.

"Your timing was pretty good, driver."

"Everybody's timing was just fine," he allowed. "Now—let's go."

He helped her out and up the broad white steps. In the light of the lamp her eyes were bright with tears. "Mr. Rogers . . . is much too good to her," she said.

His voice was dry as a crumpled biscuit. "Darling!" he said.

A man in a white coat seemed to step up from nowhere and take her away.

"Your wife will be all right now," a nurse told him. "No need for you to worry. This is your first child, isn't it?"

"Do I look like a man who's been through all this before?" he demanded.

The nurse had a propelling pencil and a sheaf of papers clipped to a beard. "What is the name, please?"

"Rogers," he stated. "Where do I wait?"

"We'll telephone you, Mr. Rogers, as soon as there's any news."

He swallowed, then moistened his lips. "You think this is just another baby the storks are bringing in—don't you?"

She smiled at him. "If you worked at a place like this," she answered, "you wouldn't believe in the storks for long."

"This," said Mr. Rogers, waving it all aside, "isn't just a baby; it's the Bluebird. See what I mean?" And he turned back to the car and drove away.

Now there was no need for him to hurry, no need to make light conversation so that she would not be afraid, so that he could forget the frightened feeling in his own heart.

They had waited so long—and now the Bluebird was coming.

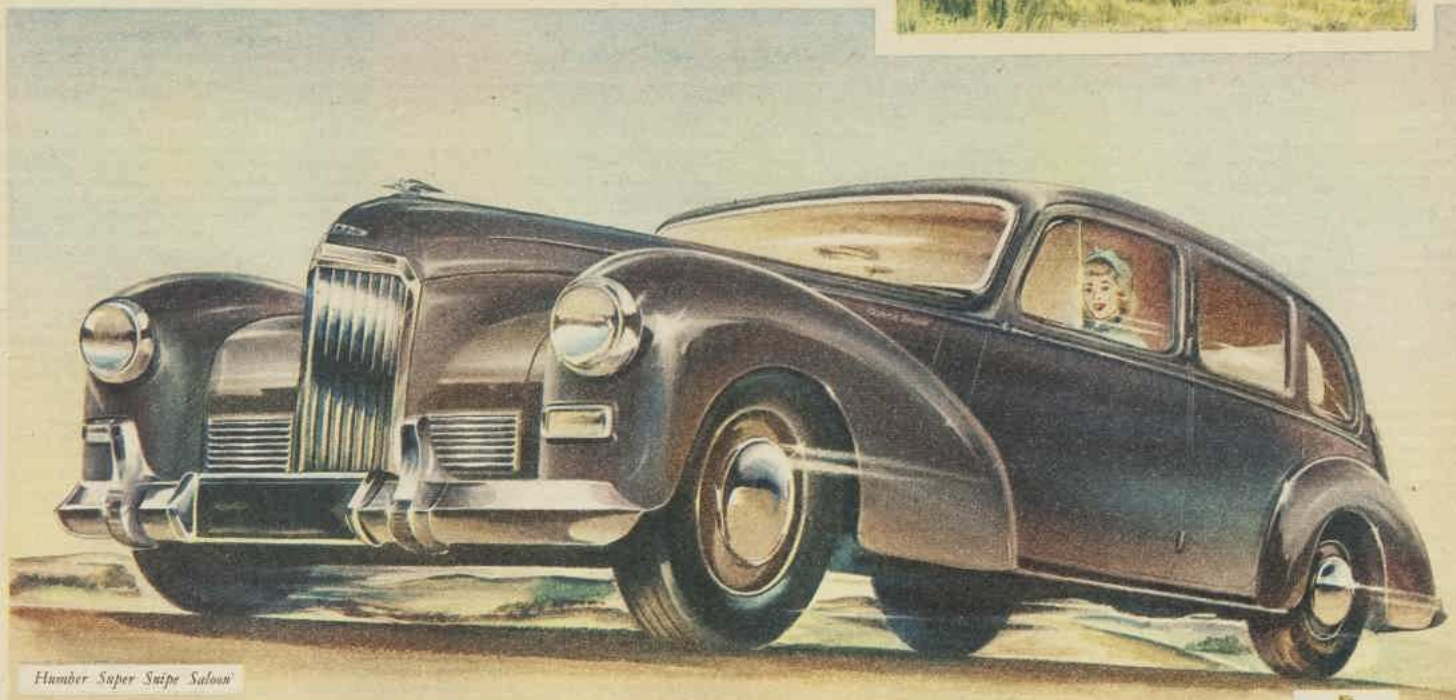
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ROAD TO RIO

EXASPERATED, Sarah said: "It's agonising to know somebody is moving out of a flat and that we could have it if we wanted it."
 "Yes — gosh! it's cold," John gripped her arm tightly and adjusted his step so that they fell into the same smooth stride. Her high heels made a light, staccato tap on the frosted pavement. John was taking her to catch her last bus home after their usual Sunday evening visit to married friends.

"People queuing up in their millions for unfurnished flats—and here is one on a plate," Sarah went on. "I've got to make him see reason this time. Or is he already too reasonable?"

The cold bit sharply into her cheeks as she turned to look at him. He was staring straight ahead, chin in his overcoat collar. Here she was again, battering at the wall of resistance he put between them when she tried to talk about setting up a home.

His head turned sharply. "We don't want this place Mollie knows about, anyway. Too big and expensive—and since we don't know when we're getting married it's useless to think about it." His tone dismissed the proposition.

Resentment pricked her. In nine months John would sit for the final examination that would turn him into a fully-fledged solicitor in his uncle's firm. Then, if he were successful, they were to marry. If he were successful. The doubt was John's, not hers. Why couldn't they marry, anyway, whether he passed or not?

They left the lights behind. The wind stirred in the blackness of the trees as they rounded the church to the bus stop. If they hadn't had to wait another five minutes, if others had joined them, the argument would have ended there, as it always had before, and Sarah would never have been drawn into the mad rush that ended in planning a trousseau for Rio. But as they waited, with no one to overhear,

Sarah gathered all her energy for one final, persuasive assault.

"We could take the flat, if I kept on with my job," she said.

"Are you crazy?" the arm round her stiffened. "The rents of those flats are much more than we can afford."

"But Mollie and Ted manage. Look, darling, I'm paying far too much for my stupid little flatlet . . . and I'm sick of it. The gas fire costs the earth when I'm in—it's cheaper to go out, sometimes. I can't manage to save much—and it all seems so pointless. If I have to spend so much on living alone, surely I could do it to some purpose with you?"

John's firm, clean-cut mouth tightened, and his chin lifted obstinately. "It's thoroughly unreasonable to start married life on a rent we can't afford," he said. "We can't assume you will pay some of it, that rules out children. We both want children."

"But we ought to be thinking about somewhere to live," she wailed miserably.

"Look, darling, a year isn't so very long to wait—even eighteen months or a couple of years. And by that time there'll be much more choice."

She said to herself dully: No, it isn't long—except when you've already been waiting for five years. I want to be married now, and have my children soon so that I can grow up with them. She bit her lip to keep the words back.

John was looking at her in frank perplexity. "We're not the only two . . . you do understand how important it is to start on something solid . . ."

"I do understand, of course . . . but, darling, don't you see, I never seem to be able to make any plans." Underneath her conciliatory tone her mind flared rebelliously: I'm the one who understands—I understand we have to adjust ourselves to circumstances, not wait until they become right for us.

Please turn to page 41

BY
Bernice Smith

"Don't go, John," Sarah cried, as the sound of the two men arguing grew louder.

The Australian Women's Weekly,
 June 24, 1944, page 41

MOST EFFECTIVE METHOD KNOWN FOR THE *TREATMENT* AND *PREVENTION* OF

INFLUENZA and the COMMON COLD



THE CAUSE

The cause of influenza and the common cold is bacterial infection of the post nasal areas. These bacteria set up inflammation and irritation of the nasal and throat areas which account for the unpleasant symptoms of these all too common ailments.



THE TREATMENT

Vaxos No. 1 is a dissolved oral vaccine produced under government license by qualified medical bacteriologists for the specific treatment of these complaints. Vaxos attacks the bacteria in the bloodstream thereby bringing about a healthy condition in the post nasal areas.



THE METHOD

Nothing could be simpler nor more pleasant than taking Vaxos. Just place the recommended number of drops in a little water then gargle and swallow. Vaxos is virtually tasteless and odorless.



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By strengthening the antibodies (Nature's method of fighting disease) and attacking invading bacteria, Vaxos quickly eliminates the cause of your complaint and distressing symptoms soon disappear.



IMMUNISATION

After taking a course of Vaxos No. 1, most people become immune to further attacks of influenza or colds for lengthy periods. Many former sufferers report complete freedom for periods of up to two years!



THE PROOF

Available for public inspection in the offices of Vaccine Products (Aust.), 582 Little Collins Street, Melbourne, is a massive file of original unsolicited testimonials from all over the world. Proof positive that Vaxos lives up to its claims.



THE COST

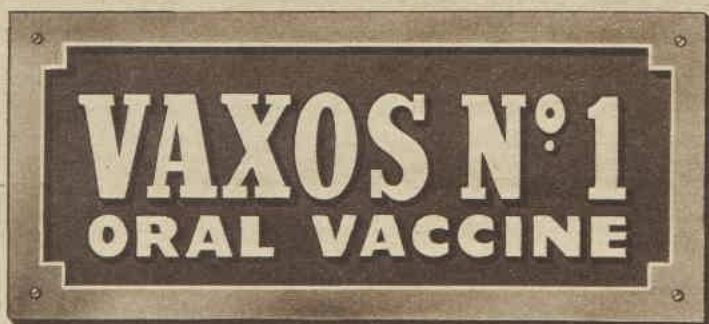
Considering the long lasting benefits obtained from a course of Vaxos, the cost of treatment is extremely moderate, being only a few pence a day.

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For boils, pimples, acne and other skin infections of bacterial origin, rapid and long lasting relief is assured by taking Vaxos No. 3.



VACCINE PRODUCTS (AUST.), 582 Little Collins Street, Melbourne

Ray Hordern's Paris Notes.



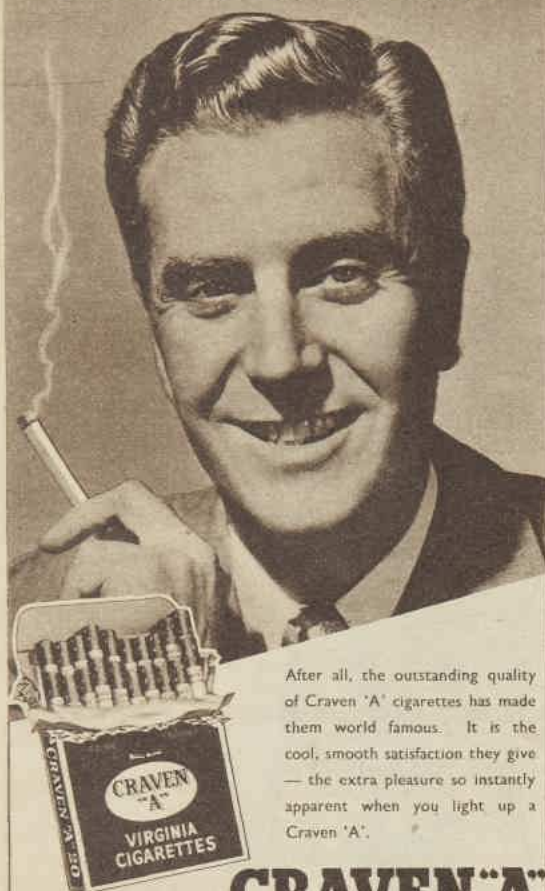
● Paquin's gold brocade frock, top left, has a minute bolero to wear for cocktail parties or an informal dinner. It is removable for dancing or a formal dinner.

● Lovely chiffon cocktail or short dinner-gown, above right, can be worn with its softly draped collar up or down. An important feature is the chiffon overskirt at the back.

● Balenciaga uses the romantic full skirt to make the tailored-looking short evening frock, at left, with heavily bead-embroidered bolero to add for cocktail wear.

● Lace is stitched on to tulle, edge to edge, to make the Jacques Fath model at right. It buttons on each side to just below the hips, where pleated panels flare out.

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makes all the difference



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THE AUSTIN MOTOR EXPORT CORPORATION LTD. • BIRMINGHAM • ENGLAND

The Little Princesses

By their governess, MARION CRAWFORD

PART X

I HAD expected to get Margaret back a very cross, spoiled, and disorganised young person after all her travels and the compliments and grown-up treatment she had had, which had been more than sufficient to turn the head of any teenage girl.

I was entirely wrong. She was as good as gold.

I really think she was quite glad to get back to her peaceful school-room life for a little while, anyway.

She arrived for lessons wearing as usual a very simple wool frock, carrying the same pencil box she had used as a small child.

It was always full of very small pencils pared right down to the stub.

This was a form of economy both the girls practised, which had always amused me a lot.

They used their erasers in the same way, down to the last rub.

Obediently, Margaret settled down to her books again, for all the world as if she had never been away.

I now concentrated on getting her finished. We did a lot of history and literature and general reading, and concentrated more than before on poetry and modern plays.

At one time I tried to arrange for Margaret to go to Sir Henry Marten for advanced history, as her sister had done.

Nothing came of this scheme, however.

For one thing, Sir Henry was far

from well. For another, Margaret's social life became more and more demanding.

At last things were moving. Suddenly that look of strain we had all been conscious of disappeared from Lilibet's eyes. One day she poked her head into my room, looking absolutely radiant.

"Crawfie," she said, "something is going to happen at last!"

"It's about time," was all I could say, and there was a big lump in my throat.

"He's coming to-night," she said, and then she kissed me and danced away.

Next morning was Wednesday, July 9. Lilibet came to my room much earlier than usual.

I have never seen her look lovelier than she did on that day, not even on her wedding morning.

She wore a deep yellow frock, a shade that has always suited her very well. She closed the door behind her and held out her left hand.

Her engagement ring sparkled there. It was a large square diamond with smaller diamonds either side.

At that time it was too large for her, and it had to go back to be made smaller.

It was a ring they had chosen together secretly, but, of course, she had been unable to go and try it on.

That was a happy day for all of us. The morning papers announced in a Court Circular that the King had been graciously pleased to give his assent to the betrothal of his beloved daughter to Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten.

Philip's naturalisation papers had

PART IX of "The Little Princesses" last week described a "quiet, subdued" Elizabeth and a "wildly excited" Margaret leaving for the Royal tour of South Africa. Elizabeth wrote frequently to "Crawfie," giving detailed accounts of the tour and showing great concern over the hardships endured in Britain during one of the severest winters ever known. "Crawfie" was shocked by the exhausted appearance of the Royal Family on their return. Shortly after, she approached Queen Elizabeth about her own prospective marriage, but the Queen persuaded her to stay a little longer to complete Margaret's education.

come through, and he had dropped his title of Prince.

He was a junior officer now in the British Royal Navy, and had taken the family name of his uncle, Lord Louis Mountbatten, who had been his guardian most of his life and had given him the only home he had ever known.

The romance did something wonderful to the palace. All of a sudden the gloomy corridors seemed lighter.

Everyone was immensely excited and pleased, for the tall, rather unconventional young man, who had been around for some time, had made many friends for himself.

He appeared presently, looking very handsome and happy. I congratulated him and said how very glad I was that everything had come right for them at last.

He looked down at me and smiled. "I'm so proud of her, Crawfie."

"Sir, you have good reason to be. And who should know that better than I?" I replied.

Photographers as usual filled the horizon for a while.

All question of lessons was shelved for the next few days.

Margaret was sweet, happy in her sister's happiness as if it had been her own.

She was growing out of her one-time objection to Lilibet's doing anything she could not do, or having a train longer than hers.

I had now decided my own marriage should take place quietly during my next trip to Scotland.

I said nothing to the King or Queen about this. It seemed to me they had already enough on their hands. Both George and I had already decided we wished to be married without any fuss.

Some weeks later, in September, the Queen was at Holyrood House in Scotland with Margaret, and I was at home in Dunfermline on my usual holiday.

She telegraphed me to come to tea with her. I went wearing my engagement ring for the first time. This brought the subject up at once.

No one could have been kinder than Her Majesty. The Queen kissed me and wished me great happiness, but added: "I do hope you won't think of leaving us just yet. It is going to be such a busy time."

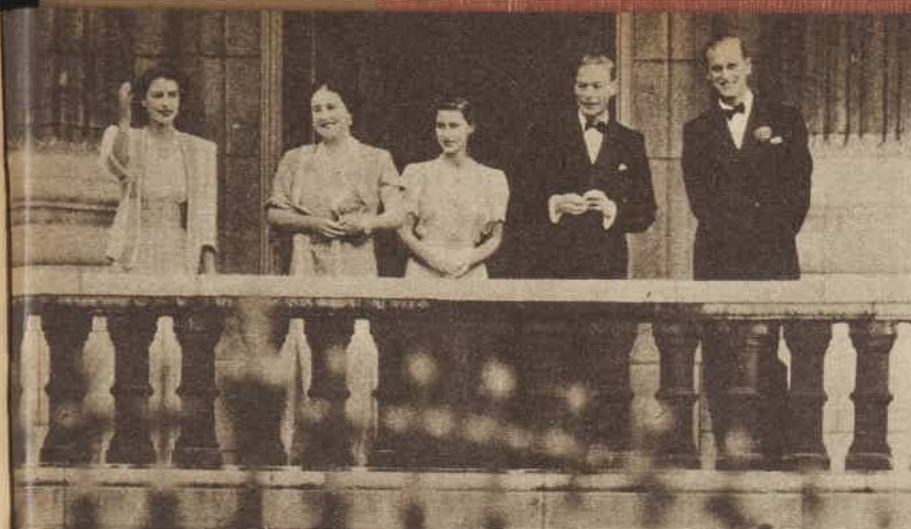
Once again I made my promise that I would remain as long as I was needed, though I realised this meant postponing still further the real start of my married life or making a home of my own.

We then had tea. Later Margaret flung her arms around my neck and said, "I am so glad that you are going to stay near me, Crawfie."

When Ainslie, handsome and correct as ever, came in with the tea, the Queen said to him, "What do



ENGAGEMENT. Official photograph taken at Buckingham Palace on July 9, 1947, when the engagement of Princess Elizabeth to Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten was announced.



ENGAGED COUPLE and the King and Queen and Princess Margaret go out on the balcony at Buckingham Palace when crowds assemble to celebrate Royal betrothal.

you think, Ainslie? Miss Crawford is also going to be married."

Ainslie congratulated me in his courtly way.

I have often thought what a wonderful Archbishop of Canterbury he would have made had he applied his talents in other directions.

He departed.

When I went out to go home I found he had collected all his staff in the hall, where they stood lined up to congratulate me in their turn before I left.

George and I were married very quietly on September 16, 1947, by the Reverend Robert Dollar, B.D., in Dunfermline Abbey.

We spent our honeymoon in Aberdeen. I had congratulatory messages and telegrams from the Royal Family including a very friendly note from Margaret.

Later several wedding presents arrived. Queen Mary sent me a complete and very beautiful dinner service, the Princess Royal gave me a visitors' book.

Princess Margaret three bedside lamps, and Lilibet a coffee set.

Margaret now came to the front much more. As soon as Lilibet was married she would take her place as the Princess in the palace.

Among her first grown-up duties was the launching of a ship, all on her own.

She went to Ireland alone, except for a lady-in-waiting to look after her.

One charming incident there was peculiarly Margaret.

She was presented with a bouquet of red roses by a hot and blushing young sailor. And she smiled at him in a way that I am sure must have made his heart beat faster, and pulled a rose from her bouquet and gave it to him for his own.

It was the sort of endearing human thing that my little Duchess would have done years back when I first knew her.

So many of Margaret's more charming ways are inherited from her mother.

This Ireland trip came as a blessing to George and me, still on our honeymoon in Scotland.

It gave us a few more days together.

Then I had to return south. We had a rather sad little farewell as I left on the night train. We did not know how long our separation was to be.

I arrived back at the palace to find Lilibet's wedding preparations under way. The place seemed to be knee-deep in tissue paper.

Mr. Hartnell and his ladies were forever trooping up the stairs or hurrying down them, or waiting about disconsolately, drooping in ante-room or passage, where Bobo

sometimes revived them with cups of tea.

They who minister to royalty do a lot of waiting about. I often wondered what the rest of Mr. Hartnell's clientele did in those days of the autumn collection.

Lilibet was a very happy now, and happiness, as it so often does, had transfigured her. She was sweet and thoughtful of me, happy and thrilled that I had got married first.

I remember how she came laughing into my room one day and showed me an American paper someone had sent her. "Governess beats Liz to the altar," said the headlines.

We got a lot of amusement out of that. No one has ever given the Princess that particular nickname, as it happens, although Margaret sometimes in the bosom of the family has called her Lil.

Lilibet was immensely touched by the way her romance seemed to appeal to the world in general.

Crawfie's husband invited

Letters and telegrams came from every kind of place and person.

Girls wrote her that they planned to marry on the same day.

Sailors who had served with Philip wrote her from ships at sea.

She would bring a sheaf of these messages to show me, touched almost to tears.

I think it was the first time she realised how many people loved her who had never seen her, and just what it was she stood for.

Wedding presents poured in. One day Lilibet asked me, "Crawfie, what have you done with George all this time?"

I told her George was in Scotland still, unable to make any plans until we knew what was to happen to me.

"But, Crawfie, he must come to my wedding," Lilibet said, and promptly saw to it that George had an invitation. So he came south. We could meet but little in those busy days, but occasionally he came to the palace to see me.

Princess Elizabeth asked me to



AT PALLADIUM THEATRE shortly before the engagement announcement, the Princesses were escorted by Philip.

bring George to my rooms at the palace, in order that she and Princess Margaret should meet him.

As soon as they were introduced, Lilibet said, "I hope you are going to keep Crawfie in order, because she has certainly hulled us for the last sixteen years!"

George said we all three talked the same way, and laughed and moved our hands alike.

He was so struck by the charm of the two Princesses and how pleasant and easy they were, and, like everyone else, he spoke especially of the beauty of Lilibet's face and the charming vivacity and quick wit of Margaret. Prince Philip also came in, and George was presented to him.

George came again, I remember, the night before the wedding.

We heard the most awful sounds coming from the old music room. They were all trying to sing Crimond's "The Lord is My Shepherd," because Lilibet wanted it at her wedding.

They could not get the descant right, and they were humming it to Doctor McKee, organist of Westminster Abbey, who had come in.

We were swamped with wedding presents, and everything else was forgotten meantime. Margaret behaved to all intents and purposes like a grown-up young lady, and her parents both encouraged her. She was a real help and pleasure to them, there is no doubt, and they tended to forget she was still only a child.

Please turn to page 20

£2,700 IN PRIZES

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Monster Jingle Contest

LOOK AT THESE MAGNIFICENT PRIZES

- 5 STROMBERG-CARLSON RADIOGRAMS. The latest and greatest 8-valve dual-wave radio in a superb cabinet of selected timbers. Twin matched 10" Ovaltone speakers achieving perfect tone and faithful reproduction of all volumes.
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5

15

50

500



500



500



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Any number of entries may be submitted, but each entry must be submitted on an official entry form. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought.

Each entry must include your own name and address and the name and address of the retailer from whom you obtained your entry form. Send entries to "Pepsodent Jingle Contest," Box 4984, G.P.O., Sydney. Contest closes midnight, July 21st, 1950.

Winners of radiograms will be announced on the Pepsodent programme, "King of Quiz," broadcast nationally on August 10th. All radio prizes in the daily press on August 11th; Winners of Waterman pens will be advised by letter.

CLOSING DATE—MIDNIGHT, 21st JULY, 1950.

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO!

Write a 2-line Pepsodent Jingle beginning I like Pepsodent

(Do not fill in this space—use official entry form obtainable free from all chemists and stores.)

Sample Jingle

I like Pepsodent, with Irium it's right!
Removes dulling film, makes my teeth white.

PEPSODENT gives the WHITEST teeth

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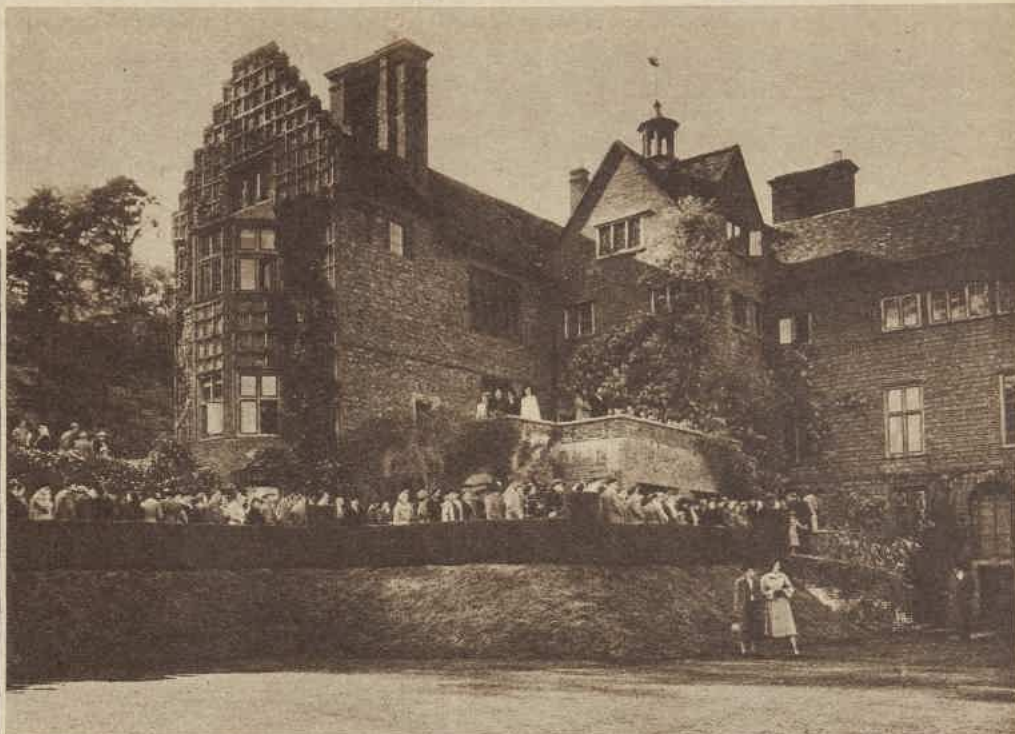


Inserted by The Australian Wool Board

Churchill's stately home opened to public...

FOLLOWING the growing custom of owners of the stately homes of England sharing the beauties of their estates with the public, the former Prime Minister (Mr. Winston Churchill) has opened his beautiful home, Chartwell, near Westerham, Kent, to public inspection, the proceeds going to charity. On the opening day 5000 people, fascinated by this opportunity of seeing the home of one of the world's outstanding personalities, paid 1/- to enter the grounds, and 1000 paid another 1/- to enter the house and see some of Mr. Churchill's paintings.

THE GREATER
PART OF THIS
WALL WAS BU
ILT BETWEEN
THE YEARS
1925 & 1932
BY WINSTON
WITH HIS OWN
HANDS



LEFT: One of Mr. Churchill's proudest boasts is his ability as a bricklayer. This wall plaque at Chartwell commemorates the work he put into a bricklaying job in his own home.

CROWD of first-day visitors to Mr. Winston Churchill's home, Chartwell, Westerham, Kent, await opening of doors (above). Proceeds for Y.W.C.A., in which Mrs. Churchill is interested.



PICTURESQUE SCENE showing the houses on the model farm which is part of the Chartwell estate, and one of Mr. Churchill's many active interests. He spends as much time as he can spare from his duties in supervising it. Two more inspections have been planned in summer.



BLACK SWANS from Australia, which are one of the attractions at Mr. Churchill's home, were the object of much interest to the thousands of visitors who came to Chartwell on the opening day. Some of Mr. Churchill's paintings take scenes at Chartwell as their subjects.



WATER FALL and cascades in grounds are favorite retreats of Mr. Churchill, and were much admired by the visitors.

Billows of busy suds! No wonder people say

New Rinso Best for Everything

YOU CAN'T DO
GREASY DISHES WITHOUT
PLENTY OF SUDS...AND RINSO
GIVES MORE SUDS AND
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THICKER, RICHER-AND THEY
STAY THAT WAY THROUGH
THE BIGGEST WASH-UP

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GLASS AND SILVER SPARKLE
LIKE A JEWELLER'S WINDOW
IN THE SUN.

Here's Proof!

New Rinso gives
MORE suds

Latest tests show that, ounce
for ounce, Rinso gives up to
30% more suds than other
products recommended for
dishwashing.



New Rinso gives
**LONGER-
LASTING**
suds

After washing-up, Rinso suds
were still rich and thick.
The other suds were thin and
spent, as illustration shows.



AFTER WASHING-UP, RINSO SUDS ARE STILL THICK
AFTER SAME TIME OTHER SUDS ARE VERY FLAT



**Buy 2 packets
at a time...**

ONE FOR THE KITCHEN . . .
ONE FOR THE LAUNDRY

YOUNG CYCLISTS—are they dicing with death?

Appalling loss of life in road accidents

By BETTY WILKINSON, staff reporter

For just on 20 years I've been driving motor cars, mostly in the city, and until this week I've been allergic to motor cyclists.

I disliked the noise of their machines—thought of them as a menace on the roads.

WHENEVER one roared past me, when I was travelling at what I considered a safe speed, I thought the driver crazy, and the vehicle a dangerous mechanical monster.

Reading such statements as "two motor cyclists are killed or injured every three hours in Australia" just increased my allergy.

How many car drivers think along these lines?

Many have expressed opinions similar to mine. They might change their minds if they heard another view, as I did, from a man who has been both car driver and motor cycle rider for many years, and is a member of the Road Safety Council of N.S.W.

He makes these points:

- A motor cyclist is far more vulnerable than a car driver in case of accident. When your car hits something you may escape with a dented mudguard; when his bike hits anything he has no protection, and, knowing this, he is more likely than you are to be careful.

- A motor cyclist has better vision than a car driver in the half-light of early evening or morning, or on wet nights, when fogged up windcreens cause obscurity.

- A motor cycle, because it is a two-wheel vehicle, will hold the road without constant steering, whereas a car must be controlled all the time.

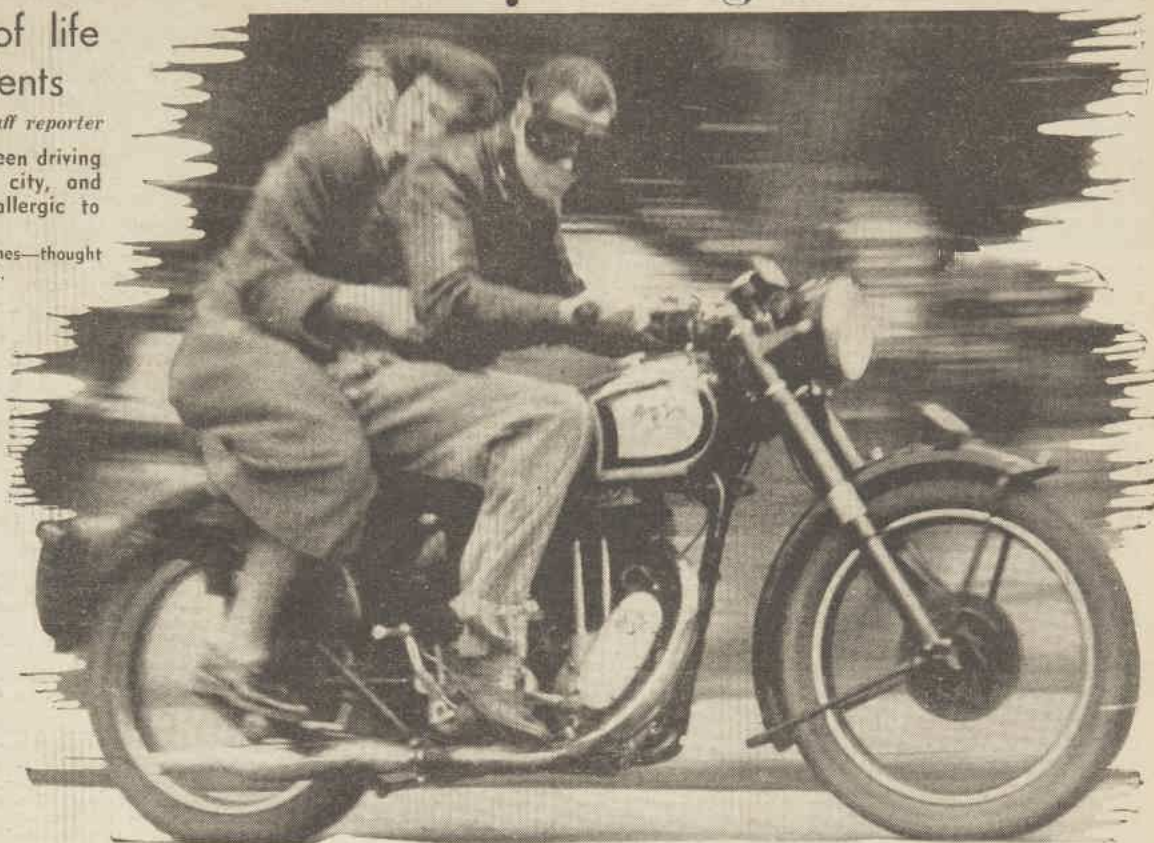
- A motor cycle has greater manoeuvrability.

Having made these points, the spokesman went on to discuss what makes the motor cycle a dangerous and far too often death-dealing instrument in the wrong hands.

First of all he quotes these statistics: Most motor cycle accidents occur at intersections, and on straight roads where the view is clear. The vast majority of accident happen to riders between 19 and 24 years of age, and the worst danger period is between six and 12 months after gaining a licence.

Usually when a boy gets his first motor cycle he has had either to cajole his parents to let him have it or save like mad to buy it, and he treats it with the utmost respect until familiarity makes him think he can take liberties.

Referring to the 19-to-24-years-old group, our expert said they are usually the best type of gay, care-



free young men, with the "it's-grand-to-be-alive" feeling.

He considers no road-user has any right to feel carefree, and suggests that such young men would be less a danger to themselves and to others if they joined clubs affiliated with the Auto Cycle Council of Australia and had a thorough knowledge of the motor traffic regulations, which are designed for their own safety and the safety of others.

"Association with more experienced riders would show them when speed is safe, and give them a better regard for traffic hazards," he says.

Road safety precepts contained in the Highway Code issued by the Australian Road Safety Council should also be studied and observed. He lists the following safety benefits that motor cyclists enjoy but would cause accidents when misunderstood or abused.

It is lack of understanding such points as these, he says, which make a cycle and its rider "an accident waiting where to happen."

Quick acceleration simplifies passing other traffic; but if it is used generally, and depended upon, fail-

ure to accelerate can be disastrous. Therefore he advises cyclists never to depend upon acceleration alone.

Narrow width of a motor cycle simplifies road movement; but this should never encourage riders to venture too close to other vehicles, weave in and out, or pass on the left.

The road stability of the modern motor cycle is so good that after six months' experience riders develop extreme confidence. This is one of the most dangerous phases in motor cycle riding, as it is a false confidence and much longer experience

Excessive speed worst danger

is necessary to realise the dangers that can suddenly arise through varying road and traffic conditions.

Experienced riders will tell you that the place for excessive speed is on the cycle track.

This advice from an experienced motor cycle rider may well help to reduce the high number of accidents and casualties among cyclists.

These casualties, like those of all

SPEED is exhilarating but a major cause of accidents. Latest Commonwealth statistics show that 112 motor cyclists and 117 drivers of other motor vehicles were killed by speeding in year ending June, 1949.

road casualties, are appallingly high.

For this reason the Australian Road Safety Council is concentrating on the problem of motor cyclists at its executive meeting in Melbourne this week.

Mr. Tom Paterson, Commonwealth Director of Road Transport, states that on the basis of 1000 vehicles registered in each class statistics show that motor cycles are responsible for nearly four times more accidents than the total group of other road users.

"Generally speaking," he said, "they have a very bad record, and many cyclists have yet to learn that it's better to be late than 'the late'."

He adds: "I consider that motor cycles are the smaller wage-earners' motor car, and properly handled and maintained serve a useful purpose in transport economy; but irresponsibility and lack of care are the factors that kill and injure cyclists."

Latest figures compiled on a

Commonwealth-wide basis are those for the year ending June, 1949.

These show that 254 motor cyclists were killed and 4106 injured, and 184 drivers of motor vehicles were killed and 3368 injured.

Analysing the cause of motor cycle accidents, the Australian figures put excessive speed at the top of the list with 112 deaths, 770 injured. Next comes inattentive riding with 31 deaths, 720 injured. Third is failure to give right of way with 13 deaths and 443 injured.

Total number of deaths on the road from all causes in that year were 1421 with 25,660 injured. Most of the accidents occurred on straight roads, where 714 were killed and 12,481 injured.

The most dangerous hours for road users are between 4 p.m. and 8 p.m., and the worst two days of the week Friday and Saturday.

A spokesman for the Australian Road Safety Council said the one thing his organisation feels could reduce this toll of the road is the co-operation of all road users.



COMMON CAUSE of accident is a motorist signalling a right-hand turn before pulling out into the road to negotiate a narrow gateway such as one on the driver's left.



DISTRACTION by pillion riders, listed officially as second greatest accident cause in cycles, was responsible for 31 deaths in year ending June, 1949.



TRAMLINES present traffic hazard to cyclist. Danger is greatly increased when other road users force cycles on to lines by sudden signal, or making turns without warning.

JUNE 24, 1950

HONOR WAS DUE

HONOR is sweet to those who win it, and there are few people who do not find public acknowledgement of their work a worthwhile reward.

After eight years without the traditional honors covering all walks of life, this year's King's birthday list is a reminder that the finest work is never that inspired by thought of immediate gain. There are some services that money does not pay for.

The real value of a distinguished hospital matron, for instance, comes from her sense of vocation and her dedication to a job of vital importance to the community. Such qualities are not developed by the lure of extra money.

Honor from the King is a perfect way of showing the community's appreciation of this selfless devotion.

Though, in the past, names have sometimes been included for political considerations, this does not detract from the value of distinctions bestowed on those who have plainly earned them.

This year's lists, in other parts of the British Commonwealth as well as in Australia, contain the names of a large number of women all noted for their generous giving of time and effort in the service of others.

A few decades ago, each list included only a very few women, singled out usually for their charity work or pre-eminence in art. The change is an indication of women's wider world to-day and of their big contribution to national life.

AGRIPPINA: Mother of the infamous Nero

THE sixth Empress of Rome, Julia Agrippina, was a remarkable woman in her own right, though she is remembered most because she was the mother of the infamous Nero.

Her life-long struggle for power was largely in the interests of her son, who later repaid her by having her murdered and by publicly reviling her corpse.

Measured by present-day standards she was vicious, unscrupulous, and ruthless, but in her day those qualities caused no surprise in the rulers of ancient Rome.

Born at Cologne in A.D. 15, she was the daughter of the Imperial general Germanicus and of Agrippina the Elder, who as heroine of the German wars earned the name "she-wolf."

Her father, Germanicus, was the nephew of the Emperor Tiberius, and brother of the fourth Emperor Claudius, and her mother was granddaughter of the Emperor Augustus. Her brother was Caligula, later to become Emperor.

As her mother accompanied Germanicus on all his campaigns, she was born and spent her early years in a military camp.

When Germanicus died mysteriously and was suspected of having been poisoned at the instigation of a rival, Agrippina was part of the grief-stricken procession which returned to Rome with the vengeful widow.

The elder Agrippina, with her husband's ashes in hand and her brood at her skirts, was a touching sight to the friends of Germanicus, but it was not long before her political machinations enraged the Emperor Tiberius, and she was sent into exile.

Her six children were brought up in their grandmother's house, and from this home Agrippina was married at 15 to Gnaeus Domitius Aenobarbus, a marriage arranged by the Emperor Tiberius.

He died in 40 A.D., leaving her a widow at 25, with a son, aged three, Lucius Domitius, known to history as Nero.

A year before, Agrippina had been involved in a confused plot against her brother, the Emperor Caligula, and she and her sister, Julia Livilla, were banished.

Two years later Caligula was assassinated. Claudius came to the throne with the Empress Messalina by his side and the two young women were recalled.

Julia Livilla soon fell foul of the vile Messalina, who had her accused of adultery. She was exiled and starved to death in her prison.

At this time Agrippina is said to have been a beauty. Her face was oval with finely carved features, a deeply cleft chin, and an expression haughty but full of strength.

FAMOUS WOMEN

Realising her perilous situation, she looked round for a husband to protect her.

She decided on Crispus Passienus, a wealthy noble and famous orator, whom she persuaded to divorce his wife and marry her.

When Passienus died soon afterwards, leaving his fortune to Agrippina and Nero, rumor had it that Agrippina had murdered him.

Conservative observers think this unlikely, pointing out that her husband had afforded her some protection, whereas the fortune without the husband would attract rather than divert the greed of Messalina.

Soon after, this last obstacle was removed when the Empress Messalina's crimes were exposed and she was executed.

Then, with the Royal purple as her object, Agrippina began paying the most flagrant attentions to her uncle, the Emperor Claudius.

It is thought likely that she bribed Vitellius and the freedman Pallas, who had great influence with the slow-witted Emperor, to promote her suit. Claudius overcame his professed scruples at marrying his niece, and made Agrippina the sixth Empress of Rome in A.D. 49.

Agrippina was then in her 33rd year, still beautiful, and Claudius, at 58, was senile. Years of sensual indulgence had not improved his wit or character, and his revolting gluttony added to his general unattractiveness.

From the moment she married Claudius it is impossible to ignore the evidence of Agrippina's ruthless ambition. The best that can be said is that she sought to further her son's

Ruthlessly she cleared the way for her son's rise to throne of Imperial Rome

interests rather than her own.

Claudius had two children by his marriage to Messalina—his gentle daughter, Octavia, and his son, Tiberius Claudius Britannicus.

To make Nero more powerful Agrippina wished to betroth him to Octavia, but to do this she had to remove the young man to whom the child was already betrothed, the Roman noble Lucius Silanus.

When Agrippina had Silanus accused of incest and stripped of his honors Claudius cancelled the betrothal.

Soon after, the 11-year-old Nero was betrothed to the nine-year-old Octavia, and Agrippina had achieved her first step.

Then she hastened to remove from the field any rivals to herself. The most formidable was the beautiful, wealthy, and popular Lollia Paulina, a former wife of Agrippina's brother Caligula. Agrippina had already



BUST of Agrippina in the National Museum at Naples.

defeated her as a candidate for marriage with Claudius.

Paulina, found guilty on a flimsy charge of having consulted oracles and astrologers in an endeavor to jeopardise Claudius' marriage, was exiled and murdered.

The story that Agrippina gloated over her severed head is probably an exaggeration which has become a popular illustration of Agrippina's savagery.

At this time Agrippina hoped that her son would become emperor, but she had no guarantee.

Britannicus, who had prior claim, was ailing and epileptic, and was easily overshadowed by Nero.

Nero's youthful attraction made him popular with the masses and found him favor with the Emperor, who adopted him as his son.

At 13 he was accorded the solemn rites of manhood, usually not accorded a boy until he was 17.

Agrippina saw that Nero had a suitable education for the role she planned for him. She recalled the philosopher Seneca from exile and put him in charge of her son's studies. Sextus Burrus, commander of the Praetorian Guards, instructed the boy in military affairs.

Later, when the real character of the then charming Nero was revealed, it was said that Seneca had disliked his task, and predicted that the boy would become a monster.

At this time Agrippina was ruling wisely and well by the side of Claudius. As the mind of the Emperor was in decay it was more often Agrippina who made decisions and received delegations and generally gave the dignity of etiquette to what had been a very lax Court.

Meanwhile, the young Nero received the authority of consul-elect, and marched at the head of the Praetorian Guards. In the year A.D. 52 he married Octavia.

Agrippina waited impatiently for Claudius to die. At the beginning of A.D. 54 the old man was failing.

Rome buzzed with rumors. Agrippina became uneasy when she heard that Claudius had remarked publicly that he had been unfortunate in his marriages; that he had punished one unfaithful wife, and would know how to deal with another.

It is easy to understand the suspicions aroused when Claudius became ill at a banquet and died within 24 hours.

Claudius had attended a banquet at the Priests' College with Agrippina. After eating some mushrooms and figs he became violently ill, was rushed back to the palace and attended by Agrippina's physician. He died next morning.

It is thought possible that Claudius' death was caused by his own gluttony, and that Agrippina, fearing he would suspect poisoning, made sure her physician finished him.

The farce enacted after he died was part of Agrippina's plan to ensure Nero's accession.

She announced that Claudius was dangerously ill and called an assembly of the Senate. She placed guards at all entrances to the chamber of the dead man and proceeded to carry out a tragedy of an extraordinary character.

Clothes were drawn over the lifeless body, laudations and piousities applied, and Agrippina lamented in a room nearby blending her sobs with those of the dead man's son and logical heir, Britannicus.

Thus she saw that the lad did not leave the palace to fall into the way of the Guards or someone partisan to his cause and be proclaimed emperor.

By noon her preparations were complete and Nero was sent down, under the care of his military tutor Burrus, the Commander of the Guards. A few voices were feebly raised in the cause of Britannicus, but the Guards were so used to accepting Nero's superiority that they had little hesitation in conducting him to the Senate and bidding this body to accept him.

Agrippina smiled with pride when the 17-year-old Nero gave the Guards the watchword for the night, "The best of mothers." Within five years she was to meet her death at her son's hands.

For one so young and spoiled the accession to power was a tragedy. He immediately threw aside the advice of such moralists as Seneca and indulged in wild dissipation.

He was so interested in low amusements that for the first few years he left the responsibilities of office to his mother. It is to Agrippina's credit that these years were among the most prosperous that Rome enjoyed during the first century.

Continued on page 23

GLAMOR VERSION OF SLACKS

IN the lull between the death of the New Look and the birth of the next craze, Paris fashion designers are turning out some truly fantastic modes.

One in which most of them have dabbled is a combination of winter sportswear and evening elegance.

For instance, after a day on the skis, Brunere would have you don velvet slacks, worn with a bare shouldered top embroidered with metal, and a reversible cape to keep out the cold.

Jacques Fath made green slacks to go with a thick, knitted sweater, and Madeleine de Rauch combined wide tartan slacks, strapless top, with a red burnous.

Full color pictures of some of these slacks for the ballroom are published in A.M. for June, now on sale. Price of this three-in-one magazine—fact, fiction, and photo stories—is still only 1/-.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS



DANCING at the Polo Week Ball at Maitland Town Hall are member of the Wirragulla team, Mac Alton, of Dungog, and his attractive wife, formerly June Chamberlain, of Sydney, who wore a black taffeta gown with double row of pearls.



LOVELY GOWN of pale lilac broderie anglaise with matching stole was worn by recent Science graduate Winifred Irwin, of Maitland, now a pathologist at the local hospital, when she danced with Robin Scobie, of Maitland, at the ball.



PAUSING on the dance floor to admire the decorations in colors of the teams at the Polo Week Ball at Maitland Town Hall are Mr. and Mrs. Jim Maple Brown, of Goulburn (left), and president of the Hunter Valley Polo Association, Mr. Frank Bragg, of Aberdeen, with Mrs. Bragg. Mrs. Maple Brown chose a shell-pink marquisette frock with decollete bodice and Mrs. Bragg's shirred chiffon gown was in sea-green.



BUSY shelling prawns at supper at the Polo Week Ball at Maitland are Deirdre Hollywood, of Rose Bay, a former Maitland resident, and John Crothers, of Maitland. Deirdre's satin-striped tailored frock was in orchid-pink.

Dudley Cup POLO

ATTENDING polo week in Maitland turned out to be a nerve-racking experience.

After two days of heavy rain—and no polo—with the Hunter River breaking its banks and the outlying farms of the district flooded, I purchased a heavy pair of rain boots and a sou'-wester and settled grimly in, adapting myself to the idea that I might have to write about a flood instead of a polo tournament.



WEARING AN ATTRACTIVE SCARF in pale blue silk, which was designed and hand-printed by her schoolgirl daughter, Wendy, Mrs. O. J. Peters, of Lindfield, has a word with her brother, Bob Mackay, of Dungog, who is having a refreshing quarter of orange between chukkas.

THREE to four hundred visitors—polo players and their friends—staying in the town for the week held on with equal fortitude.

Only one team, the Scone B, was floodbound and unable to reach Maitland, and a few visitors from flooded Forbes had to return home to their properties. The rest stayed on being entertained at scheduled parties and listening to assurances of officials of the Hunter Valley Polo Association: "Don't go! The tournament will be played."

As last year's Dudley Cup tournament, also arranged in Maitland, had to be cancelled altogether because of the serious floods, the locals were particularly anxious that such a disaster should not occur twice.



WIVES OF POLO PLAYERS exchange notes about weather prospects for the Dudley Cup Tournament at a buffet dinner held on Wednesday of Polo Week at the Maitland Town Hall. From left: Mrs. Bob Ashton, of Cargu; Mrs. Bob Mackay, of Dungog; and Mrs. Bill Bishop, of Scone.



KEEN INTEREST in carnival is shown by Mrs. Ken Mackay, of Dungog, and Mrs. Jim Ashton, of Mandurama, both warmly clad against chill winds and occasional showers, which did not stop play on Saturday.

"THEY'LL never arrange the tournament in Maitland again if we don't get it played this year," one of them confided to me mournfully.

MEMBERS of polo teams, anxious about the fate of their ponies should the rain continue, were consoled smilingly by president of the Association, Mr. Frank Bragg, of Aberdeen, with the information that the old Innkeepers' Act, still in existence, provided that an innkeeper was obliged to give shelter to "a man and his horse."

LONGEST and most difficult journey to see the polo was made by Mr. and Mrs. Brian Hegarty, who came 200 miles from Castles, and arrived on Thursday in time for the ball that night. They were lamenting the fact that, as they had left a temporary nurse in charge of their four children, they would have to return home on Friday night without seeing a match. However, they devoted Friday to making new arrangements by trunk line, and turned up cheerfully for "game on Saturday."

SAW Mrs. Jim Ashton out at the polo field for the first day's play congratulating herself on her good timing. While most of the other spectators had had their four or five days' wait, she and her husband had just arrived.



INSPECTING HIS STICKS before the match in which he took part as a member of the Forbes team is Mr. Douglas Bray, with his wife. Like other visitors from the Forbes district, they were concerned about their journey home through flooded country.



AT THE POLO GROUND Mrs. Wallace White, of Denman, pours a cup of tea from a thermos flask for her husband, who is a member of the Muswellbrook team.

PRIZE for the most cheerful character on all occasions would go, I think, to hearty Bill Bishop, captain of the Scone team. At the buffet dinner and at the ball, when spirits might have flagged a little through disappointments caused by the postponement of the game and anxiety about just how serious the rain might be, he was here, there, and everywhere, chatting with the guests.

THE Governor (Lieut.-General Sir John Northcott), who incidentally received many congratulations from country visitors, postponed his visit from Saturday to Monday so he could be there to present the Cup to Wirragulla.

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The Little Princesses

Continued from page 13

PHILIP was now a constant visitor. He and Lilibet would be together in the sitting-room, which I noticed he had improved a lot. Philip has strong ideas about furnishing.

Soon after the courtship started I saw that a large sofa was drawn in front of the fire with the chairs on either side, instead of being isolated in the window, with two solitary chairs on the hearthrug.

So already he had begun to use his influence, and, instead of looking stiff and unloved-in as I had often thought that sitting-room did, it now had a home-like look.

The wedding day was fixed.

I always felt myself that both the King and Queen would have preferred it to be put off until the spring or early summer when the weather was pleasant, and the reception could have been held in the gardens of the palace.

The young couple felt they had waited long enough. Like other young people, on this subject they had their own ideas.

I did not bother Margaret with lessons.

She had enough on hand.

Nor did I feel that physically she had entirely recovered from the African tour.

She still tired easily and refused to own when she was tired. I knew that once all the excitement had died down we would make up for lost time.

The people of Wales sent a piece of Welsh gold for the wedding ring.

This is a metal found only in very small quantities in Wales.

It looks the same as any other yellow gold. The Royal wedding rings are always made of it.

Lilibet was particularly pleased when the piece that was to make her own ring arrived, and in that delightful way she had of always wanting to see Margaret wasn't left out, she told me:

"There is enough for two rings, we can save a piece for Margaret."

They would walk about the gardens together, the two of them, Lilibet in her corn-colored wool dress, Philip, very tall and slender, his arm through hers, his lint-fair head bent towards her.

I could see them from my window, and I thought what a handsome couple they made.

I also thought it was probably a long time since anyone wore quite such unconventional garments around the palace.

Philip's favorite kit was flannel trousers (not always new or creased) and a tennis shirt with open neck, and often rolled-up sleeves.

Hatless, he would arrive, driving his own small sports car, always in a hurry to see Lilibet. Driving his own small sports car a great deal too fast!

Late one night, after he had gone, the telephone rang. A scared equestrian came to inform the King that Lieutenant Mounthatten, on his way home, had skidded and overturned his car in a ditch.

Lilibet had to be told.

She was very upset and anxious, and insisted she speak to him on the telephone herself. I think she knew he was not the world's most cautious driver.

Beyond a shaking, he was none the worse and apparently no more cautious.

Certain officials of the household, all of whom were devoted to Lilibet and had been her slaves since childhood, were greatly perturbed about this.

They did not feel that Prince Philip should be allowed to drive the Heir to the Throne about London as he had been doing.

It was surprising to all of us that the King did not forbid him, but I have no doubt whatever that Philip was gravely cautioned by His Majesty.

I know the Queen must have been very worried, because when the children were small she was forever saying to the King (not by any means a rash driver), "Darling, do not go so fast!"



IN EDINBURGH at the Youth Aid Service Ball a week after their engagement announcement, Philip led Elizabeth on to the floor to open the dancing.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY 2 JUNE 24, 1950

Another side to the problem was the general reluctance of the palace chauffeurs to have Philip take out any of their beautifully kept cars, which might be returned to them with unsightly dents and buckled fenders.

There was another unfortunate incident not long afterwards when, once again, Philip was driving, and at Hyde Park Corner they had a slight mix-up with a taxicab.

Lilibet came running in to me when they got home, very bothered.

"Oh, Crawfie, how am I to make mummie and papa realise that this time it really wasn't Philip's fault?" she said. "It was the taxi. They will never believe it."

I saw the sketches of Lilibet's final choice of a wedding dress and patterns of the lovely material it was to be fashioned of as soon as Lilibet had made up her mind.

I felt a very special interest in it, because the material finally chosen was woven and spun in my own home town, Dunfermline.

There is a Swiss factory there that spins the particular weight Mr. Hartnell needed for his wonderful embroidery-design. It had to be very strong, yet not heavy.

There was resentment in some quarters about the secrecy that was maintained over the wedding gown and the bridesmaids' frocks.

But I felt that in all Lilibet's romance she had been able to keep so little to herself and had been so dogged and hampered by rumor and speculation that it gave her pleasure to feel that she had something entirely private and all her own.

Princesses like to forget, sometimes, how little they belong to themselves.

Everything else to do with the wedding had been written about in the papers.

Some of the accounts were quite fantastic flights of fancy.

Every aspect of the young people's future had been commented on and explored.

There was no feeling at all for a young and sensitive girl, and what her reaction would be to public speculation on the number of children she might have, and what their rank would be.

Royalty earn every penny they get, for their loss of privacy at times like this.

Parcels began to pour in, hundreds of them, from all parts of the world. The contents of some of them were quite amazing.

One evening, the lady-in-waiting and I started after dinner to open some of them.

The old schoolroom was, by this time, full of every kind of oddment.

The Keeper of the King's Pictures

had brought up a number of them for Lilibet to choose from, and so parcels were stacked in the lady-in-waiting's room, which soon looked like a luggage room in a railway station.

I always loved opening parcels, even if they were not for me.

I picked one up, cut the string, removed several layers of paper, and found two soggy masses in my hand. I flung them away in horror.

It was two slices of very burned and damp toast. With them came a letter from two young women who had been making toast when they heard the news of the Princess's engagement on the wireless.

They were so excited and thrilled they burned their toast to a cinder, so sent the very toast to the Princess with a charming little letter of congratulation. How we laughed!

Another parcel that fell to me to open was very securely tied up with layer upon layer of stout paper.

"Whatever have you got there?" asked the lady-in-waiting.

"Something round and very heavy," I told her facetiously. "It's probably a bomb!"

I quickly snatched off the last piece of paper, holding the thing at arm's length.

It was a large, rugged piece of rock. An old man from Wales had



FIRST PUBLIC ENGAGEMENT for Princess Margaret was launching of ship in Northern Ireland. When presented with a bouquet of roses, she gave one of them to a young sailor.

The magnitude of it all bewildered Lilibet.

She was, in those days, rushed off her feet, and hardly knew where she was.

She had been so very simply brought up.

Until quite recently her idea of a nice birthday or Christmas present had been a Victorian posy, a china ornament, or a needle book fashioned, with grief and pain, by her own hand.

After the scarcity, the make-do of the war years, this sudden lavishness and plenty was unnerveing.

I often thought it bothered Lilibet a little, in those days of austerity, to have so much when many had so little. She was always a thoughtful young person.

She had, like all other brides, a small extra allotment of coupons given her by the Board of Trade for her trousseau.

But there was, besides, a great deal of material at the palace bought at different times and places by the Queen, and Queen Mary, to say nothing of gifts of silk and muslin and brocades that came from distant parts of the Empire. All this helped with the trousseau.

The wedding presents were displayed in St. James' Palace, which took on the appearance of a Ali Baba's cave of treasure—and horrors!

People paid a shilling for admittance after the first day, when I believe it was five shillings.

A very large sum was raised for charity in this manner.

After the wedding, the beautiful wedding dress was on view here too.

The crowds waiting to get in and have a look often would stretch for a mile along the Mall. We could see them waiting there from the palace windows.

Lilibet said, "I have so much, Crawfie. You are getting a home together also. You must share some of all this with me. Make out a list of the things you will be needing most."

I had great fun compiling the list, for in the midst of all this plenty curtains for my own little home had presented a real problem.

To be continued

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Footnotes to Fashion by Gaynor



Again the latest Gaynor styles highlight the fashion in footwear.

Gaynor - AUSTRALIA'S LOVELIEST SHOES

NEXT week's instalment of *The Little Princesses* is perhaps the most entrancing part of the whole story—Elizabeth's wedding. "Crawfie" describes Elizabeth going up to her room the night before, singing, and on her wedding morning standing in her dressing-gown, peeping through the curtains at the crowds, looking "such a child still." There are the usual crises—the wedding bouquet is temporarily lost, so are the pearls Elizabeth wants to wear.

There is a colorful close-at-hand account of the marriage ceremony, and the gay family wedding lunch, with candid pictures of members of the Royal Family and visiting Royalities. When the guests farewell the bridal pair, throwing paper rose petals over them, Queen Elizabeth picks up her apricot satin skirts and runs with the rest of them to the Palace gates. Then a bereft sadness falls on the palace, as it does in any home when the bride and bridegroom depart.

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WORTH Reporting

QUEENSLAND'S grand old lady, Mrs. Alice Julius, now in her 104th year, sits in her chair with hands folded. But they have been busy hands.

Sixty years ago, left a widow with a family of six children—the youngest three years of age and the eldest 11—she imported a type-writer from England and taught herself to type. There was only one other machine that she knew of in Brisbane at that time.

After mastering the keyboard, Mrs. Julius, who had had an excellent education in England, and had done a great deal of work in translating languages, went to business offices with her specimens of type-writing, soliciting orders. She took her work home and typed it there—often well into the night. Payment was 2d. for a folio of 72 words.

She found the Government offices a good hunting ground, and got her real start when the Home Secretary wanted some papers typed. They were considered too confidential for her to take home, and she was given a desk and chair in the office.

This eventually led to a desk of her own in a draughty passage in the Treasury Building, with a mat under her feet her only luxury. And so she became the first typist in the State's Public Service.

One of her daughters, Mrs. F. B. C. Ford, with whom she now lives in Whytecliffe Parade, Redcliffe, remembers the colds her mother used to get in that draughty passage.

A grandson's early struggles in the pronunciation of "Gran" has given her the nickname of "Gary." Seven of her grandsons who went overseas during the war each took a picture of "Gary" with him.

Travelling companions were snakes

AFTER a recent field day in the bush near Hornsby, N.S.W., the 19 members of the Australian Reptiles Club went home in an electric train carrying snakes in sugar bags and jam jars.

Founder of the club, 22-year-old Roy Mackay, a cadet preparator at the Australian Museum, told us that no one in the carriage realised what was in the heavily-wrapped parcels.

Members searched for snakes by turning over rocks, splitting logs, and looking in hollow tree trunks.

"We caught them with our bare hands," said Roy Mackay. "We picked the small ones up by their tails, and the bigger snakes by the neck if they were coiled up. The ones that got away we watched through binoculars to see how they moved along the ground, and how far they travelled from their holes."

There was a slight moment of drama when Roy slipped a five and a half foot brown snake into a bag, not realising that the bag was torn.

"He got out," said Roy, "but I grabbed him by the tail. He didn't like it and coiled round my arm. So, using my other hand and knees, I tied up the torn part of the bag and threw him in."



"You've got to learn! This is the air age!"

DYNAMIC conductor Alceo Galliera, now in Australia for a season with the A.B.C., is one visiting celebrity whose professional temperament comes as no surprise. In one movement of the recorded *Grieg Concerto for Piano in A Minor*, played by brilliant young Italian pianist Dinu Lipatti and conducted by the fiery Galliera, his exhortations to the orchestra can clearly be heard.

Record or not, it's a long, long time

WHAT must be a unique record is claimed by Mr. F. G. Weiss, of Windsor, Queensland. He thinks that with 56½ years' service he has worked in the railway and postal departments longer than anyone else in Australia.

In 35 years with the Queensland Government and 21½ years with the Commonwealth Government he has been stationed in various Queensland towns as postmaster, savings bank manager, State insurance agent, and officer in charge of pensions.

His last appointment before retiring four years ago was at Sandford. Now he is usually to be found in his garden. The next thing to look forward to, he says, is his golden wedding in two years' time.

WALKING past a Chinese cafe in the city we saw one of our staff artists standing in the open doorway and staring in. "Feeling hungry?" we asked. "Not a bit," said the artist. "But take a look at those Chinese blokes in the Chinese cafe eating steak!"

If you laugh at Gracie you'd scream at dad

GRACIE FIELDS' comedian brother Tommy, now appearing at the Tivoli Theatre, Melbourne, in "Where's Charley," tells us his father is the real comedian of the Fields family.

"Mother is the voice," Tommy says his mother brought the house down last year when at 73 she unexpectedly made her stage debut at the London Palladium.

"Mother was attending a matinee given by Gracie when Gracie had a spur-of-the-moment impulse and pulled her out of the front stalls up on to the platform."

"Their harmonising of 'My Mother's Name Was Mary' had the audience almost reduced to tears."

Tommy explains that father Fields, a retired consulting engineer, has kept his family roaring with laughter all his life, but has never been a professional comedian.

The Fields'—father, mother, Gracie, and Tommy—make a family broadcast from the B.B.C. every Christmas.



"Do I beg when you're eating?"

Black Monday brings accidents, sulks

A WORKERS' compensation statistics report that more accidents occur to workers in industry on Mondays than on any other day of the week prompted us to ask a psychiatrist why this is so.

He informed us that that very real complaint "Mondayitis" is the cause.

"Workers exhaust themselves over the week-end with sport and other activities, and start work on Monday feeling fatigued," he said. "Fatigue breeds carelessness and slows up the nervous reflexes."

Workers not associated with industry, he told us, usually reveal their exhaustion by tripping on stairs, catching a hand in a door, bumping into something, or meeting with some other minor accident which they barely notice, but the tired industrial worker is in real danger.

"He sees danger as it approaches when he's alert, but after an energetic week-end his nervous system is a bit worn, and, with the slightest bit of inattention or bad luck, he finds himself tangled in his machine," declared the psychiatrist.

Statistics also reveal that the proportion of accidents in rural industries is slightly higher on Fridays, and our psychiatrist agreed that this would be correct.

"A rural worker does pretty strenuous physical work all the week, and by Friday his reflexes must reach a fairly low level," he informed us.

He confessed himself stumped, however, with the statistics further revealing that the accident rate among workers in stores was slightly higher on Tuesdays. He could give no explanation.

No sameness in this secretarial job

DOROTHY BARBER, of Yass, N.S.W., the story of whose trip around the world on her nursing certificate and her bicycle was told in *The Australian Women's Weekly* some months ago, is away on further travels.

This time she has gone as secretary to Helen Armitage, of Altadena, California, who saw Dorothy cycling in the Rockies during her visit to Canada, and was so impressed she asked for an introduction.

Helen Armitage is famous in the States as the maker of exquisite miniature furniture, including perfect pianos and grandfather clocks, all to scale. She is touring America, showing her handwork, to raise funds for children's hospitals.

They travel mostly in a high-powered Lincoln, which Dorothy has learnt to drive. On week-ends, when they are not on tour, Helen Armitage, her husband, and Dorothy hitch a big trailer, built by Helen Armitage, behind the Lincoln and head out of town.

Dorothy writes: "My first experience of this type of camping was in the centre of the wild flowers of California—acres of poppies mixed with lupins—and the next was to the fabulous Death Valley."

"Next we went to the famous Palm Springs, and last week-end the Grand Canyon in Arizona, the biggest thing I have looked at all at once anywhere. It seemed as though I had taken an enormous bite and couldn't swallow."

Apart from touring Dorothy has been having plenty of horseback riding, and between whiles she has been doing one of those jobs that win her the admiration of people such as Helen Armitage. The painters in California are on strike, so she has painted all the fronts of the Armitage home.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 24, 1950

AGRIPPINA . . .

AGRIPPINA had her first breach with Nero when she rebuked him for his passion for a freed slave, Acte, and reminded him of his obligation to Octavia. Nero responded with such a show of violence that Agrippina was alarmed.

Soon she saw that a powerful party was growing up around Nero. When he sent her a gift of Imperial jewels and robes, she chose to regard it as a token that the Imperial treasures were no longer at her disposal and sent them back.

Nero repaid her by having her favorite, Pallas, impeached for treason, but the charge was so clumsy that he was acquitted.

In her triumph Agrippina threatened to withdraw with Britannicus to the camp of the Praetorian Guards and have Britannicus proclaimed emperor.

Soon after, at a banquet, poisoned water was added to Britannicus' wine cup, and Agrippina and Octavia watched in horror as the boy sank writhing to the floor.

Nero remarked casually that Britannicus was evidently having one of his epileptic fits.

After the death of Britannicus, Agrippina tried desperately to curb her son from further crimes.

As his extravagances mounted, the more desperately she saved, until her enemies whispered to Nero that she was saving to raise sufficient funds to oust him. He at once ordered her to leave the palace.

With a few devoted followers she went to the mansion of her grandmother, Antonia.

Shortly afterwards she was charged with plotting against Nero's life.

She defended herself so ably that she was almost completely restored to favor, and for the next few years she enjoyed the uneasy peace of her reconciliation with Nero.

Then in A.D. 58 the appearance of the beautiful Poppaea Sabina on the scene led to Agrippina's final tragedy.

Nero, mad with desire for Poppaea, learned she was willing to be empress, but not willing to be his

Continued from page 18

mistress. So it was clear that the first victim must be Octavia.

Agrippina determined to oust Poppaea. In that decision she wrote her death sentence.

Agrippina fought so desperately that Roman gossip and historians suggest she employed the most infamous methods of winning her son's favor, but it became increasingly apparent that her struggle for power was degenerating into a struggle for her life.

Nero, urged on by Poppaea's taunts, badgered Agrippina with law suits while she was in Rome; when she withdrew to her country villa he sent men to insult her.

She was constantly on her guard against poison, and was said to use an antidote of walnuts, figs, rue, and salt. Then a plan was laid to murder her in her bed by having beams of the ceiling fall and crush her, but it was discovered in time.

The next plan was suggested to Nero by the freedman Anicetus, who was the prefect of the fleet at Misenum.

He suggested she be lured aboard a ship specially contrived to fall to pieces at a given signal.

It was March, A.D. 59. Agrippina, at her villa at Antium, was surprised to receive an invitation to join her son at Baiae. She boarded her galley and sailed.

Nero greeted her effusively at a great banquet and dispelled his mother's suspicions. When it was time to go she accepted the story that her galley had been rammed and damaged and went aboard the gilded galley which, she was told, was a love gift from the Emperor.

As she lay resting in the cabin, the roof, which had been heavily weighted with lead, fell in. In the resulting confusion, during which the galley did not sink, Agrippina slipped overboard.

She was rescued while swimming for the shore by a fishing boat, which took her to a villa of her own on the Lacrine Lake.

From there she calmly sent a mes-

ACCOUNTS of Agrippina's life are given in "Empresses of Rome," by Joseph McCabe, and in "The Life and Principate of the Emperor Nero," by Bernard W. Henderson.

sage to Nero that by the favor of the gods she had survived, and asked that he would not come to visit her until her wound was healed.

When Nero received the message that his mother still lived he was thrown into panic. He expected her immediate vengeful coming. It was the fault of Anicetus, who had bungled the whole thing, he screamed. Let him finish what he had begun.

Anicetus led his armed marines straight to the villa. They thrust their way into Agrippina's chamber.

Agrippina, realising her last moment had come, faced death calmly.

"Hast thou come to visit me? Then tell my son I have recovered," she cried. "Hast thou come to slay me? Then I say it is not my son who sent thee," she added.

One sailor struck her fiercely on the head with a club.

"Strike, Anicetus, strike the body which bore Nero," she cried, as she died.

So, at 43, died Agrippina at her son's command.

During Nero's lifetime no monument was raised to mark her tomb, and it is said that when her body was stripped for the funeral pyre Nero remarked jeeringly, "I had no idea she was so handsome."

An announcement was issued to the Senate that Agrippina had attempted Nero's life and that when Nero sent men to arrest her she had suicided.

The Senate decreed games and festivals of thanksgiving in gratitude for the preservation of Nero's life.

However, the facts of the murder were so well known that theatre audiences were quite in the macabre joke when an actor of the day referred mockingly to it in the theatre.

"Farewell my father," he said as he ate a mushroom. "Farewell mother," he added as he imitated the action of a swimmer.

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ALL CHEMISTS—1/11 and 5/9

(M.E.4)

By the time the plane was flying westward Roger Marsh had made a concession. Although the Marsh in him erected an iron wall against any part of Eva Lang's claim, the lawyer in him couldn't deny certain glaring bits of evidence.

Evelyn Blythe, alias Eva Lang, was not his wife but she was his sister-in-law.

Yes, he thought, reviewing Eva Lang's story once more as he looked out the window of the plane, that much he would concede, but no more. Then he remembered something and beckoned to Inspector Whipple.

"I've just thought of something," Roger said when the inspector sat down beside him. "Caroline kept a diary. She made entries every night—all sorts of personal details."

"Well, what about it?" "After the funeral four years ago, I happened to think of the diary. It was something too intimate to be left lying around loose in the house. But I couldn't find it."

Whipple nodded. "I see. And now you're afraid Evelyn took it away with her?"

"It's possible," Roger brooded. "If Eva Lang took it," Whipple admitted, "she's had four years to memorise everything in it. She can answer questions like a fox."

"You said four men were at the farm with her. Three were killed in the raid and one escaped. Which one?"

"Duke Smedley. Smoothest confidence man in the business. The police are after him, coast to coast, on a dozen counts."

"He was Eva Lang's sweetheart?" "So our prisoner says. But when he knew she wasn't Eva he gave her a break because she was Eva's sister. It's more logical to assume she was and is Duke Smedley's girl, and that she went back of her own free will to join him at the farm."

Whipple opened his suitcase and brought out a photograph. It showed a man of exceptional good looks, well dressed and with an air of sophistication.

"He's the tops in his racket," Whipple said. "One time he—but what's the matter, Mr. Marsh?"

Eva? Caroline?

Continued from page 4

Roger was staring with a strange intensity at the photograph.

"I've a feeling," Roger murmured, "that I've seen this man before. I can't remember when or where. But I'm sure I've seen him."

"Then maybe this goes deeper than we think, Mr. Marsh. Maybe he's at the back of the whole thing."

"It's hardly possible," Roger said. "I've a feeling it was years ago when I saw him. Perhaps while I was in the army. He couldn't have schemed this that far ahead."

"Well, keep the picture," Whipple insisted. "We have other copies. Look at it every once in a while. Maybe you'll remember where you saw him."

The next morning Inspector Whipple led Effie Foster, Dr. Cawfield, and Roger Marsh into a reception-room at the Seattle gaol. Roger stood stiffly, preparing himself for the ordeal of disowning this woman.

A police matron came in. Quietly she reported, "I've just brought her to the inspection room. Are these the identifiers?"

Whipple nodded. Then he saw the dread on Roger's face and suggested, "Would you rather see her first without her seeing you, Mr. Marsh? You may if you like. Later, of course, you'll have to talk with her for a voice test."

"We'd like to see her first," Roger said.

"Then step this way," Whipple led him to a far wall of the room and stood him in front of a closed panel. When he opened the panel a circular glass pane was exposed. It was about the size of a porthole in a ship's cabin. Through it Roger could see clearly into the room beyond.

Seated in the centre of that room, under a bright light, was the prisoner Eva Lang. She was in half profile to Roger. Instantly he felt a surge of relief. For the seated woman didn't look nearly so much like Caroline as he had expected. She seemed much older. There were streaks of grey in her hair. Roger remembered the velvety smoothness of Caroline's skin.

The face of this woman was hard. Nothing of Caroline's sweet gentle character was etched there. Instead of Caroline's calm complacent gaze, Roger saw a tense, bitter defiance. The eyes were brown, like Caroline's, and the hair was centre-parted and fluffed at the sides, like Caroline's.

Evidently a hairdresser had worked on Eva Lang in her cell, doing everything possible to make her resemble Caroline. The contours of her face were indeed quite like Caroline's, and Roger could understand instantly why a photograph would be more convincing than the woman herself. The photograph didn't show color; it showed only shape and lines. And it failed to reveal character like the flesh itself.

Roger stared long and intently through the glass. Then he closed the panel and stepped back to Inspector Whipple. "Before God," he said, "I never saw that woman before."

"Your turn, Dr. Cawfield."

The doctor went to the panel, opened, peered through it. In a moment he turned back with a snort. "Just as I thought! A masquerade! A monstrous masquerade."

"Your turn, Mrs. Foster."

MRS. FOSTER took more time than had either of the men. When she closed the panel her face had a clouded, disturbed look. "She's not Caroline, of course. But she does look like her in a sort of faded way."

The police matron surprised them by speaking up. "Wouldn't you look rather jaded yourself, Mrs. Foster, if you'd been slave and prisoner for four years to a gang of crooks?"

Whipple led them through a door into the presence of the woman known as Eva Lang.

Roger Marsh breathed deeply in an attempt to slow his pounding heart.

She stood up as they entered, stared for a moment at Roger, her lips parted and her face lighting up. Then she came towards him, eager, confident, her hands outstretched.

"Roger! I thought you'd never come!"

The uncompromising granite of Roger's face stopped her.

The shock on her face was as though he'd struck her. "You don't know me, Roger?"

"No," he said. "I do not. You'd know me, of course, if you were Caroline's guest for two months, because there were pictures of me all over the house."

Her dazed eyes stared at him a moment longer, then turned to Effie Foster. Then to Dr. Cawfield.

Effie didn't speak. Dr. Cawfield's stony face was answer enough.

Her eyes went back to Roger. "You mean you're disowning me, Roger?"

For a moment he thought she'd burst into tears. Instead the hardness and defiance came back to her face.

"What a fool I've been!" she said bitterly. "To think you'd come and take me home! I might have known you wouldn't! You and your stiff Maryland pride!" She laughed hysterically. "It's so much easier to say you never knew me. Will you take me back to my cell, Inspector? They've seen the rogues' gallery. They've said, yes, she's the rogue, not the wife."

Inspector Whipple said crisply, "First, Miss Lang, I've a few questions. Please sit down."

She sat down, stiffly facing Whipple, ignoring the others.

It had been agreed that Whipple would ask the questions because, as a police officer, he could do so with more authority. Effie had given him a list.

"What," Whipple asked, "did Effie Foster give Caroline Marsh for a birthday present five years ago?"

"I don't remember."

Effie smiled. "You see?" she challenged.

"Effie," the accused woman retorted, "won a bridge prize at my house six years ago. What was it?"

Effie gaped. "I've forgotten," she admitted.

"You see?" The woman's smile mocked her.

Please turn to page 25

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CONTEST CLOSES 1ST JULY



P.14.WY68

WHIPPLE read from his list: "Roger Marsh has an aunt and uncle. What are their names, where do they live, and what is their telephone number?"

"Uncle Carey and Aunt Harriet," the prisoner answered promptly, "live in Edgerton. I've forgotten their phone number."

"Roger and Caroline Marsh were in an amateur play one time. What was the play and what parts did they take?"

"It was 'William Tell.' Roger was William Tell and I was his son, with an apple on my head. Ask me something hard, Inspector."

"When Dr. Cawfield was on vacation, who was the doctor who substituted for him?"

"The name slips my mind, Inspector. Perhaps if I think a while I'll remember."

Caroline, Roger was sure, would remember instantly. Young and good-looking Dr. Joyce had in fact treated that burn on the third knuckle of Caroline's hand.

"Caroline and Roger Marsh had one serious quarrel during the first year of their marriage. What caused it?"

"As if I could forget!" The woman smiled bitterly. "Roger had a too beautiful secretary named Lucile Dutton. I thought he admired her more than he should. One day he went to Annapolis for a trial. He forgot his briefcase. Lucile carried it to him and he took her to lunch. People saw them and told me. I shouldn't have been jealous but I was. And one word led to another."

Whipple looked at Roger and Roger, with a grimace, nodded.

"Did Roger ever take Caroline to Honolulu?"

"Yes."

"What hotel did they stop at?"

"I can't remember. It's been eight years."

"What was the occasion?"

"Our honeymoon."

"How long had Roger been married when he went into the army?"

"About a year."

"That was seven years ago. How many times did Caroline see him after that?"

"Not once—until now. Perhaps that's why he doesn't know me."

Eva? Caroline?

Continued from page 24

"Who introduced Roger to Caroline?"

"No one. He went into a New York store to buy a bottle of perfume. I was the clerk who sold it to him. That's how we met."

All that, Roger kept assuring himself, could have been in Caroline's diary. Or Caroline could have confided it during Evelyn's visit. Undoubtedly this was Evelyn Blythe.

There were many more questions. To about half of them the woman answered frankly, "I can't remember." But certainly she had briefed herself on Caroline's past with a studied thoroughness.

In the end Whipple turned to



"Howard's Pharmacy? I'd like to have that prescription renewed . . . I got it in July or August . . . I haven't got the numbers, but it was sort of a white color, and it had a funny smell . . ."

Roger. "You still say this woman isn't your wife?"

"I do," Roger said.

Dr. Cawfield echoed him emphatically. "Caroline Marsh died four years ago."

Whipple pressed a button and the police matron came in. "We're finished," he said.

The prisoner followed Matron Kelly to an exit. Then she turned defiantly to Roger Marsh. "You've asked me a great many questions, Roger. Now let me ask you one. Did you ever read Matthew 19:5?"

Without waiting for a response, she disappeared with the matron.

As they went out Whipple said, "Pretty sharp, wasn't she? Well, now that that's over, the Detroit police will extradite her for trial in Michigan. I'll be glad to get rid of her. Where to now, Mr. Marsh?"

"To a hotel," Roger said, "for a night's sleep. Then back to Baltimore."

With Effie Foster and the doctor he taxied to a hotel. In his room there Roger saw a Bible on the dresser. He picked it up and turned to Matthew 19:5.

The verse read: "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh."

When Roger's chartered plane glided to a landing at the Baltimore airport, he saw that the gateway was swarming with reporters.

"And look, Roger," Effie exclaimed, "isn't that your Uncle Carey and Aunt Harriet?"

"It's the whole town," Roger groaned.

Roger fought fiercely through people who waylaid them in the gateway, refusing to answer the questions hurled at him by newsmen. He let Effie and Dr. Cawfield deal with them. He himself broke away, flanked by his uncle and aunt.

"And what," his uncle demanded furiously, "are you going to do about it?" He was short and bald. His wife, Harriet, was tall and grey.

"Nothing," Roger said.

"You mean you'll let them drag the name of Marsh through—"

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" Aunt Harriet broke in. "That's all I've heard for forty years. The proud unsullied name of Marsh! For a century you've kept it out of headlines. And now you're in them up to your necks."

"Harriet," Uncle Carey rebuked bleakly, "must you be flippant at a time like this? Don't you realise what it means? We're disgraced, all of us. Now look, Roger, I've thought it over. We'll all make a tour of South America till this horrible mess is over. That way they can't drag us in at the trial."

"You can run if you want to," Roger said. "I shan't."

Just as they reached Uncle Carey's car, Leslie Paxton, Roger's law partner, caught up with them. "Roger," he demanded, "why didn't you tell me about this? Think of the firm! Have you seen the latest editions?"

As the car sped away, Uncle Carey trying desperately to elude reporters, Leslie Paxton gave Roger the latest journalistic flashes.

"They've traced the background of Jake Lang, alias Jake Blythe. He was a cardsharp who died at Joliet. He came originally from Arizona. A record in an old mine hospital proves that twin girls were born to Jake's wife about thirty years ago. The twins were named Evelyn and Caroline. So that much of it, Roger, can't be denied."

"I've already conceded that much," Roger told him. "Eva Lang is my sister-in-law. We have to start from there."

"They've taken her to Detroit," Paxton said, "for trial. Don't you see what you're up against? You can't ignore it."

"I don't intend to ignore it, Leslie. That's why I want you to go to Detroit."

"Me? Why me?"

"Because you're a lawyer and my partner. Please tell Eva Lang that you represent me. Tell her that as her brother-in-law I offer to employ the most competent counsel in Detroit for her defence. Make it clear that I do this not as her husband, but as her brother-in-law."

"If she's a criminal," Paxton protested, "why back her at all?"

"Criminal or not, she's Caroline's sister. Caroline would want me to do it."

Uncle Carey protested loudly. But Aunt Harriet applauded. "That's the most human thing I ever heard of a Marsh say. Bravo, Roger."

Leslie Paxton reluctantly agreed. He promised to catch a night train for Detroit.

The car was passing a pair of tall granite pillars with a grilled gate between them. Roger asked Uncle Carey to stop.

"Let me out here, please. I'll take a taxi home."

Please turn to page 27

The Angel-nobe Silhouette



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#32/12

Second baby is usually easier

By a Harley Street doctor

Most doctors will be glad to see that Princess Elizabeth, soon to be mother of two, has again decided to keep active as long as possible.

SHE went swimming during her Malta stay and is likely to keep it up now she has returned to England. Swimming is of course one of the finest exercises for expectant mothers.

The Princess kept much the same programme with her first baby, refusing to regard herself as an invalid.

She was well justified in following the modern method, for it would be hard to imagine a bonnier baby than Prince Charles.

What about this second one? Every mother of two knows that the second baby is almost always easier than the first.

The actual birth is less painful and difficult and so there is less need for analgesia. Some mothers, in fact, don't even bother with it for a second child.

The birth is much quicker, too. Labor with a first baby may be between 18 and 24 hours, but with a second it may be twelve or less.

A second child may, however, come so quickly that everyone is caught unawares. The mother should therefore watch carefully for the first signs of labor.

The third child, as you might expect, is usually easier than the second, but it does not follow that the fourth and fifth are easier still.

On the contrary, the opposite occurs. Babies after the third may become increasingly harder to bear because the muscles have lost some of their elasticity.

The great feature about a second baby is the considerably diminished risk of complications.

All the troubles that might develop have been discovered with the first, so that mother and doctors know what to expect.

I wish more mothers of only children would realise this, because I have met many who refused to have a second baby because they had a bad time with the first.

They do not understand that this bad time is hardly ever repeated with later children.

Although the second baby is easier to have it is almost always heavier. Prince Charles weighed 7½ lb. and his brother or sister can be expected to weigh at least 8½ lb.

Building baby's teeth

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

YOUR baby's teeth begin to develop about seven weeks after you become pregnant. When the baby is born each tiny tooth of both his first and second sets lies embedded in his jaws.

The food for the first set comes from the mother's blood, although these teeth are wrongly called "milk" teeth. The second (permanent) set is nourished by the child's own bloodstream.

The diet of the expectant and the nursing mother and the diet of the young child must supply the bone-building material.

Teeth are affected during the period of their development by con-



PRINCE CHARLES, soon to be a "big brother," seems in this picture to be delighted with the admiring companionship of his big cousin Prince Richard of Gloucester.

Will it, by the way, be a brother or a sister?

Many people have a superstitious belief that if the first baby is a boy there is more chance of the second one being a girl; or the other way round.

But there is not a scrap of evidence for this. On the contrary, we have all heard of families who have had all boys or all girls for generations.

Twins likely?

NEITHER is there any evidence for the belief that the first child takes after the father and the second takes after the mother.

I am not surprised that many people believe it, because it frequently happens.

It may even turn out to be true of Princess Elizabeth's second child, for I am told that Prince Charles resembles his father more than he resembles his mother (so far as can be seen at his early age).

There is still another common belief that multiple births—twins, triplets, and quads—occur more often with second or third births.

ditions of health, so that if you are ill in the pre-natal period, or if your baby becomes ill, the growth of the teeth will be temporarily arrested, which will cause structural defects, often leading to early decay.

The "six-year molar" (cut at the age of six years) is one of the permanent teeth, and is considered to be one of the most important in the jaw development. Great care should be taken to see that it is not confused with one of the first teeth and extracted needlessly, probably spoiling the shape of the jaw.

These and other interesting facts about teeth and teething are found in a special leaflet obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.

This may be true only in the sense that multiple births appear to be commoner among women over 30, women who usually have already had children.

It is a wise mother who decides, like the Princess, to leave only a short gap between first and second children.

Up to two years is ideal. Three or four years do not make much difference. But a longer gap may mean that the second child is no easier to bear than the first.

One of the most important things about a second baby for the mother is the psychological aspect. She knows exactly what to expect and usually has none of the fears of the new mother.

Bringing up a second child is easier too. Because she is now an old hand the mother sheds most of the worries she had with the first.

The second child often seems to make better progress than the first, walking and talking sooner, because he has his brother or sister to imitate.

For some reason that a child psychologist could explain children seem to learn more quickly from other children than from their parents.

There is one drawback in family life with a second child that mothers quickly discover. As one complained to me recently, "My second child always seems to be catching colds; but the first one never did."

This is because the second catches colds from the first, who has by this time probably gone to school and picked them up there.

It is usually unavoidable, but need not be alarming.

Though he seems to get a bigger share of coughs and sneezes than his brother or sister did as a baby it does not mean that he is any the less healthy.

Will Prince Charles be jealous of an addition to the family? He almost certainly will, because he is a normal child.

Jealousy from the first child is also unavoidable, but it need not lead to trouble if it is wisely handled.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - JUNE 24, 1950

Did you PROTEX yourself this morning?



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5^p

PRI/140

Eva? Caroline?

THEY knew what Roger wanted. Uncle Carey let him out and the car drove on. Roger passed through the gateway and took a gravel path through a grove of stately elms. This was St. Cecilia Cemetery. He went directly to the Marsh family plot.

Hat in hand, Roger stood beside the newest grave.

Here was a fact, Roger thought. Something to cling to. Here was the one and final answer to Eva Lang. It brought back, vividly, all the incontestable realities. Caroline's last illness, the six days he had sat by her bedside. He remembered her last whispered word, "Good-bye, Roger." With her small hand in his, her eyes had closed in death.

For two days Roger dodged reporters and waited morosely for Leslie Paxton's return from Detroit. Paxton dropped in on him late the second evening. "I've seen Eva Lang, Roger. She turned down your offer."

"Just what did she say?"

"If you want her exact words, she said, 'Tell Roger I'll accept from him the loyalty of a husband; nothing more; nothing less.'"

Paxton left a few minutes later. Roger saw him to the door, then went up to his bedroom. As he took off his tie and loosened his collar, he studied the picture of Caroline. Innocence and pride shone in the loving gaze of her eyes. He thought of Eva Lang's response to Leslie.

Lucile Dutton, Roger's secretary, was alone in the office when Roger appeared the next morning. With her "Good morning, Mr. Marsh," she flashed him a quick look of sympathy.

"Good morning, Lucile," Roger considered her troubled eyes for a moment, then consulted her about the problem that had kept him from sleep the night before. She warmly reassured him. "Don't let her fool you, Mr. Marsh. Turning down your offer just shows she's smart. She knew you'd react just that way."

"But she hasn't a cent. And good attorneys come high."

"It'll be worth more, she thinks, to soften you up. And to win public sympathy. The deserted-wife act is her best bet."

Roger sat down at his desk and took from his pocket the photograph of Duke Smedley given him by Whipple. He showed it to Lucile Dutton. "Was this man ever in the office? Did we ever have any contact with him?"

"I don't recognise him," the girl said. "Who is he?"

"He's Eva Lang's boy-friend. I've a vague feeling I saw him one time. Keep an eye open for him, Lucile."

Later in the day a deputy from the district attorney's office of Detroit called on Roger. He served a summons which required Roger Marsh to testify in the case of The People Against Eva Lang. Roger had been expecting it.

"I'm serving a similar summons," the deputy said, "on a dozen or more persons who knew your wife well."

"How will you select them?"

"We're interviewing all the twenty-eight people named by the accused and will select ten or more who are positive she isn't your wife."

"What tests have you made on Eva Lang?" Roger asked.

"A blood test and a handwriting test. Her blood type is the same as your wife's, but that would be expected with twin sisters. Her handwriting very closely resembles your wife's. But Eva Lang had four years to practise her sister's handwriting under the coaching of an expert forger, Duke Smedley."

"You think he's in on this with her?"

"It fits him like a glove. We think their first objective is an acquittal on the murder charge. Prob-

Continued from page 25

ably their second is a raid on your fortune after she's free. She might file suit, for instance, for desertion and humiliating renunciation."

"Who'll her lawyer be?"

"Young chap assigned by the court. Name of Sprague. He's already put his cards on the table."

"What are they?"

"That the defence concedes the murder of one Rufus Fox, by one Eva Lang in Detroit on a certain day five years ago. But the accused is not, the defence will insist, Eva Lang. She's Caroline Blythe Marsh. That's their case and they'll stick to it."

When The People Against Eva Lang opened at Superior Court in Detroit, Roger Marsh solemnly absented himself from the preliminary sessions. He barricaded himself in a hotel room near the courthouse all during the selection of a jury. His radio kept him informed and he received all the newspapers. Only when called to testify would he appear in court.

It was a week before he was called. By then Eva Lang's murder guilt was clearly established and had not even been disputed by the defence. A hotel clerk had identified the accused as the woman he had seen shoot to death a man named Rufus Fox. It seemed conclusive. But in cross-examination the defence counsel had pointed to a pair of twin girls he had planted in the audience.

"Do you remember that one of those young ladies asked you the time on the street this morning?"

"Yes," the clerk said.

"Which of them was it?"

And the witness had been unable to say. Thus the entire case was resolved into an identification of Eva Lang.

Roger was called to the stand and sworn in.

"Are you a widower?" inquired the prosecutor.

"I am."

"When did your wife die?"

"Four years ago."

"State the circumstances of her illness, death, and funeral."

ROGER complied in a cold precise voice.

"Look at the accused. Did you ever see her before?"

The defendant returned Roger's stare. Her eyes challenged him, bitter and defiant.

"Yes," Roger said. "I saw her once."

"Only once?"

"Yes."

"When and where?"

"At the Seattle gaol two months ago."

"That is all. Thank you, Mr. Marsh."

In cross-examination the defence counsel asked, "Do you now concede that your wife had a twin sister named Evelyn?"

"Recently," Roger answered stiffly, "I've come to that conclusion."

"That is all."

Roger tried not to hurry as he left the court-room. He had expected it to be worse.

At his hotel room he picked up the rest of the trial by radio and printed word. Ten other Marylanders were called by the prosecution, and all of them, with varying degrees of emphasis, denied that the defendant could be Caroline Marsh. All ten of them had seen Caroline buried.

Then the defence opened and the defendant herself took the stand. She told precisely the story she'd told Inspector Whipple from the beginning. Her lawyer produced ten Baltimore witnesses himself, people he'd hand-picked after a series of interviews there.

Please turn to page 28



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Eva? Caroline?

Continued from page 27

PEOPLE who were uncertain enough to answer, "I don't know." One was a boy who, during the war, had delivered groceries to the Marsh home. He remembered peering into the kitchen once and seeing two women who looked just alike.

"Was the accused one of them?"
"I think so."
"Is she Mrs. Marsh or the other one?"
"I don't know."
"I don't know" or "I can't be certain" was a response given by nine others.

A former maid at the Marsh house was asked, "Is there a faint doubt in your mind as to whether the defendant is Mrs. Marsh?"

"I'm afraid there is. I don't see how she could be Mrs. Marsh because they say Mrs. Marsh passed away. But she looks like her. I can't be sure."

Then came a bombshell. The defence called Mrs. Carey Marsh, of Edgeton, Maryland.

"Are you Caroline Marsh's Aunt Harriet?"

"I am."

"You knew your niece quite well?"

"Of course."

"Can you look at the accused and swear she isn't your niece?"

"No," Aunt Harriet said coolly, "because I'm not at all sure she isn't."

Later Aunt Harriet herself, marching straight to Roger's room, explained the stand she had taken.

"How could you?" he demanded.

"How could I say anything else? How can I swear away her life? I'm not sure she's Caroline. But I'm not sure she isn't."

He sat on the bed and stared at her balefully. "You're not sure she isn't?"

"And deep down in your heart, neither are you, Roger."

Dr. Cawfield and Leslie Paxton came storming in. "And that goes for the rest of you," Aunt Harriet blazed. "You're just like Carey. You don't like scandals. Sensations make you sick. You'll trust a cold grave-stone, every time, before you'll trust flesh and blood. Stop glaring at me, Leslie. Has the jury gone out yet?"

"It has," Leslie said. He added with a grimace, "And you should have heard the judge charge them! 'If a reasonable doubt exists in your minds,' he said, 'that the defendant is Eva Lang, you will not be justified in a verdict of guilty.'"

Roger packed his bags and taxied to the airport. He was in a fever to get out of town before reporters made a mass assault. From now on he didn't want any part of the case. And whatever the verdict, to him Eva Lang would still be Eva Lang.

ALL through the flight to Baltimore the plane's stewardess kept a radio on. A concert, then a newscast. No decision yet in the Detroit case. Passengers whispered, nudged each other, looked covertly at Roger Marsh.

Half an hour before they reached Baltimore the flash came. The jury had reported. The verdict was "not guilty."

It wasn't over yet. Roger was dismayed sure of it. Eva Lang was free and could never be tried again on this charge. But by trade she was a swindler. So was Duke Smedley. They'd already raided his good name; and now, given time, they'd try to raid his purse.

For a month Roger waited, dreading every ring of his phone. Would Eva contact him herself? Or would Duke Smedley do it?

Eva, Roger learned from the papers, was boldly in the open. She

was still a celebrity and every move she made was publicised. The papers said she'd gone to a Florida hotel for a month's rest.

But how could she finance a trip like that? A month at a Florida resort would be expensive. Eva Lang, the prisoner, had had no money.

Roger saw only one answer. Duke Smedley. While she was in custody he couldn't reach her.

This conclusion comforted Roger considerably. No doubt the police were watching Eva in hopes of picking up Smedley. And once Smedley was caught, the truth about Eva Lang would be known. For Smedley knew everything about her. He'd bridged the gap of those four years with her and so he knew, beyond a shadow of doubt, which of the twins she was.

A short while later came a report that the woman once known as Eva Lang was now in New York. She had taken an apartment as Caroline Blythe Marsh and had found herself a job. It was at the perfumery counter of a Fifth Avenue department store, exactly the job held by Caroline Blythe eight years ago when she met Roger Marsh of Baltimore.

Roger was alarmed and confused, because it seemed out of character. A confidence woman doesn't usually go to work. But Caroline Marsh, thrown on her own resources, would do exactly that.

Night after night he lay awake, reviewing every step of what had happened, trying to refute the vague uncertainties that had crept into his mind. What if he'd been wrong? What if this woman he had denied were really Caroline, whose love had been the most wonderful thing in his life?

Please turn to page 32

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Ted Key



"Why, Butch, I didn't know you lived out here in the suburbs."

It seems to me . . .

INTernational jealousy will be rearing its ugly head among composers on the Elysian fields, after the letter written by British conductor Boyd Neel to "The Times."

He appealed to swing composers not to steal the music from the Gilbert and Sullivan operas after the copyright runs out this year.

"Tunes which have become part of our national heritage deserve respect," he wrote.

Imagine the indignation that the letter will stir up among the already pirated classical composers—Tchaikovsky, Handel, Grieg, to name only three of a distinguished company.

They'll be saying: "What about us? Who has done anything to protect our melodies? Dozens of 'em, stolen, slaughtered, and broadcast by swing fiends from pole to pole."

"And now this upstart fellow Sullivan is putting on such airs! (No pun intended, old chap, certainly not). Offered to shoot us a glass of nectar at the club and then told us what a fine thing it was to be British!"

THE National Veterinary Service in Denver, Colorado, has started a health insurance scheme for dogs which they hope to extend through the United States and England.

Pedigreed pups are said to be in two minds about the scheme.

They hope it's not the thin end of the wedge which may destroy the vet-patient relationship and turn every mongrel into a hypochondriac who eats conditioning powders like lollies.

ONE of my regular correspondents, who has combined praise and gentle criticism at intervals ever since I began this column, wasted no time in a comment on my new portrait.

She says that at first she thought it was a picture of a quiz lid or a girl from Tennessee, but, after referring to the old picture in a back number, she could see the resemblance.

This cryptic comment is of interest not only to me, but to all the short-haircut brigade of my acquaintance.

Some of us are already unmoved by the announcement that ten French film actresses have staged a revolt against the shaggy bob short-hair style. They've probably found, like we ordinary mortals, that it's just as much trouble to keep neat as a mass of sausage curls.

CONGRATULATIONS to the Dutch, who, after denying for years the story of the boy who stopped the hole in the dyke with his finger, have now put up a statue to him.

Year after year thousands of tourists have asked to be shown where it happened. The story was first told by an American writer 80 years ago, and the Dutch have grown tired of saying the story wasn't true. The statue, erected by the Dutch Tourist Association, was recently unveiled in Haarlem.

One gets so cross with the people who are always disproving popular legends. Robin Hood never existed, they tell you; the Marie Celeste wasn't a mystery at all. I shouldn't be surprised to be told that what Stanley really said was, "Howdy, pardner. See an old codger named Livingstone anywhere in the jungle?"

The Dutch Tourist Association's change of heart is one which all romantic-minded people will approve.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 24, 1950



Dorothy Drain

EVER consider how people mean different things by the same word? Stuart Chase wrote a book about it, "The Tyranny of Words," which convinced me it was useless discussing any subject because so many words meant different things to different people.

Mr. Chase was really dealing with abstract words, things like fascism and communism and what not, but take a simple word like "picnic."

One of us might mean by it some sausages grilled on a fire or a loaf of bread and a tin of meat and a black billy. Another might mean the kind of picnic I once attended where the hostess brought the pressure cooker and a batch of prepared vegetables.

What started me on this train of thought was a passage from "The Real Charlotte," a book first published in 1894 by the authors of "Experiences of An Irish R.M." Here it is:

"There is something unavoidably vulgar in the aspect of a picnic party when engaged in the culminating rite of sitting on the grass. They may feel themselves to be picturesque, dippy-like, even romantic, but to the unparticipating looker-on not even the gilded dignity of champagne can redeem them from being a mere group of greedy, huddled backs, with ugly trimmings of paper, dirty plates, and empty bottles."

Champagne and plates indeed! What would the writers have said to a chop in the hand and daubs of charred black on the complexions of the picnickers?

FARMING may almost die out within 100 years, says Sir James Scott Watson, director-general of the British National Advisory Service. Chemists using atomic energy may be able to fake the processes of sun, water, and plant life, and make bulk food in factories.

Oh, peculiar the world, and peculiarer, if we're to believe the prophet,
Will become this curious globe, my chicks, when you and I are off it,
Oh, it might be nice, but it's bound to be queer, you can take it from your auntie,
When agriculture is obsolete, or a game for a dilettante.

When nobody sows, or reaps, or hoes, and the robot brains take over,
And paddocks grow nothing but Paterson's Curse, and prickly pear, and clover,
When plant is a word for science labs, or machines in a factory setting,
And rabbits are pets that gambol at will, unhampered by wire-netting.

Will famine be banished in every land, and seasons no longer matter?
Will rain be induced (each Monday night) in a Government-sponsored patter?
Posterity's citizens, pause at your meal, and spare a thought as you swallow,
For what will the Willie Wagtails do, with never a plough to follow?

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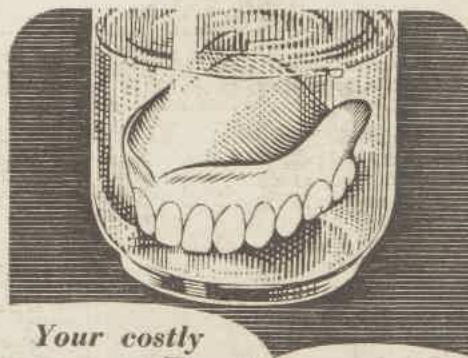
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SOLD BY CHEMISTS ONLY

Evie Hayes' father sees her in biggest role

Worked on lighting for film of "Annie Get Your Gun" in U.S.

By FREDA YOUNG, of our Adelaide staff

It was a red-letter day in the life of George Hayes, proud citizen of U.S.A., when he saw his daughter Evie making a fine fist of Annie Oakley in "Annie Get Your Gun" in Brisbane.

Fresh from Hollywood, where, as first lighting technician for M.G.M., he had helped in the creation of the film — a three-million-dollar technicolor production with Barbara Hutton as Annie — he was able to make comparisons with a slight bias in Evie's favor.

THIS was natural, for George Hayes, besides loving his America, loves his daughter. He had travelled about 8000 miles to see Evie, and got here in time for her successful return seasons after her show had already run for three years.

George is a good conversationalist, and my guess is that as soon as he arrived in Australia he got busy talking, and when he got to Adelaide his softly modulated voice, with slightly American intonation, was still rolling off praises of the great country of his birth.

He travelled from Sydney by Murray Valley coach and had the time of his life. He was introduced all along the way as "Evie Hayes' father," which was a pretty good introduction to a good time.

Evie did her bit at the Adelaide end by being around, so that her fans from the coach trip could be presented to her by her proud dad.

Mrs. Hayes, who has been in Australia for the best part of the 12 years of Evie's sojourn here, except for a couple or so trips to Hollywood to see her husband, was at the aerodrome to meet him.

"And she was shocked to see how much weight I had put on," George explained. "But we seem to eat such big meals in Hollywood I couldn't help it. So I've been put on a diet, no potatoes, no bread. I must do something about it."

"By the way, Evie, they have some beautiful chocolates up in Brisbane," he said wistfully, turning to his daughter.

"And so there are here, honey," said Evie, "and we'll get you a great big box and won't say anything to mummie about it."

But for all the disputed surplus weight, George Hayes is a fine figure of a man, grey haired, with a liking for a well-cut suit, and a snap brim hat. When I saw him he favored a soft white silk shirt and collar, with a red-and-white floral tie. And brogues.

He is a veteran of World War I and has the disabled American Veteran's gold pass. He was twice wounded and awarded the Croix de Guerre, U.S. Silver Star, and Purple Heart. Rank of Captain.

Whatever George Hayes tells you is interesting, be it about Evie's childhood, life and personalities in the never-resting Hollywood, or the

novel features of life in America, today.

America, in his eyes, is the wonderland of the world. He loves California best, with its sunshiny climate. "No rain, no frost, no snow," he says, "and every inducement for outdoors life."

And Hollywood, where restaurants never shut and stores only on Sundays, still delights him.

"Wages are terrific out west. Carpenters, plumbers, and other tradesmen get 100 dollars a week for an 8-hour day, five days a week, at two dollars fifty an hour, and overtime on Saturdays.

"Cost of living is high. Two dollars 50 for a steak in a restaurant, without coffee or dessert. And two people can easily run up a bill of from 25 to 30 dollars for a meal in some places," he says.

"And cosmetics, my! You never see a grey-haired woman in Hollywood. They all dye their hair. And young and old pile on the cosmetics."

"When a young fellow is going to marry in Hollywood I say to him: 'Can you stand the cosmetics bill?' Every woman pays at least two visits to the beautician weekly."

"I was amazed in Australia to see how few women go in for heavy cosmetics. A bit of lipstick seems to be all. It is most refreshing," he concedes.

Our visitor says that English films are not popular in America. "People don't like the Oxford dialect," he says. "If English films are to succeed in U.S.A., studios must cultivate a bit of an American accent and put in some Americanisms, something the people know and can understand."

Which leads him to predict that the English film "Mudlarks," with American star Irene Dunne as Queen Victoria, will be a success in his country.

"And yet," he says, "when English Vivien Leigh was chosen as Scarlett O'Hara in 'Gone with the Wind,' everyone said: 'Why an Englishwoman to play a southern beauty?'"

"This lovely old-timer, however,

"Wonderland of the world"

brought 27 millions in taxation to the U.S. coffers and is still going strong, so what becomes of my argument?" George Hayes asks. He was assistant lighting technician for it.

"The 75 per cent. tax on American films in England, imposed by the present Government, cost the film industry millions of dollars, and the only American films the Russians will take are Charlie Chaplin's. That has meant a big loss, too," Mr. Hayes says.

Television? His feelings are mixed about this, because for a while it has been affecting the movie business. People with their 250-dollar sets



STAR of "Annie Get Your Gun," Evie Hayes, and her father, George Hayes, who came from America to see her in the return season of the show, which has already run for three years.

can stay at home and see on their small screens what's going on in the world around them. Or for 2500 dollars they can get a screen 4 feet by 5 feet. So why go to the pictures?"

"But," argues George Hayes, "why do people have motor cars, the cheapest petrol in the world at 10 or 12 cents a gallon, and the most superb highways anywhere, if they want to stay at home and look at the television? No, the television fad will pass."

Some part of him, however, is delighted with the success of television. For Evie's husband, the well-known comedian Will Mahoney, who returned to America a few months ago, is now one of the highly paid television artists in New York. Television is bringing opportunity back to many vaudevillians.

When Evie Hayes was born the parents Hayes lived at Seattle, Washington, D.C., where George was stage manager at the

Orpheum and afterwards at the Pantheons. It was not until 1934 that he moved down to Hollywood. He joined Universal Pictures as lighting technician and in '38 went to M.G.M., where he's been ever since.

Films he has worked on are technicians "Battleground" and "The Berkeleys of Broadway."

George Hayes' mind never wanders far from Evie. "As a small girl she practically lived backstage with me," he says. "She was always dancing and singing."

"At five she began touring with children's companies in school vacations, her mother going to look after

her and play the piano for rehearsals."

As a teenager, Evie went to a girls' school in Hollywood, and did voice production and elocution besides. Her friends, also aspiring young actresses, were Dixie Lee (now Mrs. Bing Crosby), Betty Grable, and Rita Hayworth, nicknamed Cansino then. Rita's father, Eduardo Cansino, a Mexican, had a dancing school in Hollywood.

"I remember Rita with a black coil of hair across a very low forehead," says Evie, taking up the story. "She had thick black eyebrows, a heavy face, and big brown eyes."

"After Betty married Judson, who was an actor's agent, he took her appearance in hand, and she is now what I would call a true Hollywood product, isn't she, Daddy?"

"Judson took the line of her hair up an inch by electrolysis. Then her hair was lightened by a series of processes until it came the color it is now. And her legs were slimmed."

Evie had a contract with Fox in her late teens but they never took up the option.

"My nose wasn't sufficiently retouched for Hollywood," she said. "And they wanted to do some plastic surgery on it. But I telephoned Daddy and he said certainly not."

"You see, I knew she had talent," said George again. "In those days this surgery was pretty new, and they were looking for people to experiment on. And I wouldn't risk Evie."

Evie appeared in several musical shorts when sound first came in. She also starred in girl musical shows which toured the States and Canada. She went to New York, got into broadcasting, then met Will Mahoney, whose show she eventually joined when he went to the Palladium in London. She married him about three years later.

This is George Hayes' first reunion with Evie since she left New York. But he's called her very often on the long distance. Sometimes he's called her twice a week. And he's kept her supplied with American magazines, and radio and theatre news.

Our Cover

THE striking arrangement of flowers, fruit, bracken, and the seed-hearts of sunflowers, in a Grecian urn, featured on this week's cover, is the work of 28-year-old Sydney artist Paul Jones.

This piece was exhibited among others at the recent International Gardens Exhibition held in Sydney. Examples of Paul Jones' exquisite flower paintings are in the National Galleries of New South Wales and Victoria.

BOOTS ... AT LAST

MOST pitiful aftermath of war is the condition of hungry, ill-clothed, displaced children. Supported by all nations, the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund is working to alleviate this undeserved suffering, and Australia has led the world in its response to its appeals. In the current appeal £35,000 has been collected in the Commonwealth in two months. Pictures on this page show how European children receive footwear from U.N.I.C.E.F.



NO FRACTIONAL FITTINGS in shoes for the displaced children of Europe. His father's battered shoes, far too big for him, were worn by this small Netorian boy when he arrived at a distribution camp for children.



EVERY CHILD the world over has the same excited reaction to a new pair of shoes as these two little Europeans who inspect the first new shoes they have ever owned, the gift of the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund. Contributions to the Fund's present appeal should be sent to Room 107, M.L.C. Building, Martin Place, Sydney.



HAPPILY SMILING and well shod at last, this group of nursery school children in Athens file past their discarded pile of worn-out shoes after each has been carefully fitted by a representative of U.N.I.C.E.F. visiting the school. In Greece the shoes are all made by hand.



SIGNING for their shoes, children in small Greek hamlet of Nestor clutch new possessions in their left hand. Rule of personal acknowledgment by each child has been made to give a sense of responsibility.

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BUT Roger had to know. Suddenly he realised that the entire scheme used in identifying Eva Lang had been faulty. They'd taken witnesses from Baltimore to look at her—to say whether she was or wasn't Caroline Marsh.

A proper scheme would be the reverse. Instead of people identifying Eva Lang, Eva Lang should be made to identify people. People who'd known Caroline well, and whom Evelyn had never seen, should be paraded before Eva Lang. Recognition should then be demanded, not by the witnesses, but by Eva Lang herself.

For instance, Eva Lang had never in her life seen Lucile Dutton. During the war Lucile had left Roger's company to become a Wave. There'd never been a picture of her at the Marsh house. From a diary Evelyn could know about Lucile but definitely she had never seen her. Therefore Evelyn couldn't possibly recognise Lucile.

But Caroline, if living, could. And would. No married woman ever forgets a girl of whom she's been jealous—a lovely secretary who'd caused the first marital quarrel.

So a test, using Lucile as a pawn, should be both simple and conclusive. Roger worked out the details and then rang up a New York client.

"It's rather important," he told Lucile. "I'd like you to run up with me and make a transcript of the conference."

They caught an early train and were in New York by ten. The conference engaged them till noon, when they had lunch in a restaurant on Fifth Avenue, close to the department store where Eva Lang was working.

He made it sound casual when, walking to the next corner for a cab, he remarked: "I have a bit of shopping to do, Lucile. I need a new hat. Mind if we stop in here a minute?"

They turned into the store. As they threaded through the crowded aisles Roger seemed to have an afterthought. "That reminds me—I'd better pick up something for Ruth Paxton's birthday next week. How would a bottle of perfume do?"

Eva? Caroline?

Continued from page 28

Lucile gave him a searching look. "They can always use it," she said. "I tell you: While I get the hat, you pick up the perfume. Make any selection you like. Here." He handed her a bill. "Meet me at the Fifth Avenue exit in fifteen minutes."

Roger disappeared in the crowd. Circling, he manoeuvred to an aisle about ten yards to the right of the perfume counter.

A strange feeling of nostalgia ran through Roger. It was here that he'd first seen Caroline, eight and a half years ago. The woman at the back of the perfume counter to-day had grey-streaked hair and looked forty-five. But the hardness was gone from her face. She was gracious, charming. She looked startlingly like Caroline.

But she wasn't. Because she was now waiting on Lucile and her smile was entirely impersonal. Not the faintest flicker of recognition came to her eyes. "May I help you? Something for yourself? . . . Oh, a gift—"

Unseen himself, Roger missed no detail of it. He saw Lucile master her surprise at seeing Eva Lang. He watched her deliberately take time making her selection.

Roger melted into the crowd, relieved to know that this woman was not Caroline.

All the uncertainties dissolved. Roger's mind was at ease. It stayed that way till late in May.

Then, in the lobby of the Lord Baltimore Hotel one morning, a rough hand clapped his shoulder.

Roger turned to see a big, rubicund man in a loose-tweed suit. At Roger's blank stare the man's smile broadened. "Don't you know me, Roger? And I thought I'd made an impression. I must have been too easy on you."

With chagrin, Roger finally remembered. "Colonel Cox! How stupid of me! How are you, Colonel?"

Cox chuckled. "Imagine a guy not knowing his own commanding officer just because he's out of uniform!"

"What about lunch, Colonel?"

"Not to-day. My wife's waiting for me right now. We're stopping here. Give me a ring sometime. See you later, Roger."

Roger was thoughtful as he went on to his office. I've shared quarters with Cox in London, he reminded himself. And now, after only three years, I didn't recognise him out of uniform.

It was more than seven years since Caroline had seen Lucile. The test at the perfume counter didn't seem conclusive after all.

At his office Roger was surprised to find Uncle Carey.

"Hello, Uncle Carey. How's Aunt Harriet?"

"As hard-headed as ever," Carey growled. "You know, Roger, I can't pound any sense into her about that Eva Lang. Just like a woman. They'll never admit they're wrong."

Roger's face clouded. "You mean she still isn't sure about her?"

"Less sure than ever," Carey said. "Felt sorry for her, she said, right after the trial. That's why she offered to finance her for a month in Florida."

ROGER stared.

"You mean Aunt Harriet paid for that trip?"

"Offered to. But Eva Lang wouldn't take it except as a loan. Said she'd pay it back when she got a job. She has. Says she has her old job back. So Harriet—"

But Roger didn't hear any more. All the certainty of the past month came tumbling down.

On the morning of May 24, Roger awakened with anticipation. For it was Caroline's birthday and each year he remembered it with flowers for her grave.

At a florist's shop he purchased a wreath and drove with it to the cemetery, parking his car just inside the gate. Elms were in leaf and the grass was green. A clean gravel path took him fifty yards to the Marsh family plot.

And there was her headstone. Upright and solid it stood there, a

bulwark to his faith. It was his last and final witness.

He placed the wreath against the headstone. Then he stood by quietly, his head uncovered. And as the minutes passed, all the nagging doubts left him. Here in this grave, where he had reverently buried her with all his world standing by, lay his wife Caroline.

Sustained and reassured, he walked fifty yards back to his car. A sound of footsteps crunching on gravel made him turn. A man, he saw, was approaching the Marsh plot from the opposite direction.

Some old friend of the family, Roger presumed, had remembered the day and Caroline.

Getting into his car, Roger waited idly to see who it could be. At fifty yards, through the elms, he saw the man open the box and lay a dozen red roses on Caroline's grave.

Then the man removed his hat and stood there with bowed head.

He was well dressed, a personable man with brownish wavy hair. His face—with a start, Roger knew it. It was the face in a photograph Inspector Whipple had given him. Duke Smedley!

It was the face Roger had vaguely remembered having seen before.

He knew now where he'd seen it. The stranger at the funeral, four and a half years ago. The unobtrusive mourner none of them had known. He'd stood apart from the others and yet had followed them to the grave, this same grave to which he now returned.

A tribute for Caroline? It was Evelyn's birthday, too. Evelyn was the woman he'd loved, not Caroline.

Duke Smedley, all along, had known the truth.

And now, with a shock of conviction, Roger Marsh knew too.

Roger swerved his car through the gate. It was not yet noon. Driving fast, he could reach New York before the store closed. There, long ago, he had found Caroline. And there, in humble contrition, he must find her again.

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old english superstition

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Gentian Hill

Continued from page 5

ZACHARY did not contradict the suggestion of gael; he thought it was a useful red herring.

"A shilling a week and my keep," he said, not cheekily this time, but with quiet determination. Then, his charming smile flashing out over his thin face, he began to sing softly under his breath.

*Greenleaves was all my joy,
Greenleaves was my delight;
Greenleaves was my heart of gold,
And who but Lady Greenleaves?*

"Come on in," said the miller, "an' have a bite of dinner."

The deepening dusk of an evening two days later found Zachary lying on a damp and dirty pallet in an attic room of the miller's cottage.

Apart from the pallet and the broken chair there was no furniture in the room, for it had not been used until he came. The floorboards were mouldering away in places, the cob walls were patched with damp, and the thatched roof was visible through the holes in the ceiling.

The miller's wife had died years ago, and he and his son lived here alone, no woman ever coming near them to tidy up.

The whole house was dirty, and this room in particular was a horrible little cobwebbed hole, smelling strongly of mice, its one redeeming feature being the small square of broken window which looked out upon the purple hill that had already become to Zachary his best friend at the Fleete mill.

It reminded him of Bowerly Hill above Weekborough Farm, and so doing seemed likely to keep him sane. It even had a tree on top of it, not a yew, but an oak, and winding up the slope a path that he could just see from his window.

Lying rigidly upon his back on the dirty pallet, covered by a tattered, dirty blanket, Zachary stared out of one eye (the other was at present unusable) at the hill, and at the couple of stars that were twinkling above its shoulder, and tried to steady the turmoil of his thoughts against the strength and peace of hill and sky.

For he had to face the fact that life in the Fleete mill was not going to be much more agreeable than life in the cockpit of the ship that he had left. As far as the outward picture of it went, his queer vision of the mill had been correct, but the peace and beauty were only in the outward seeming.

The miller, Jacob Bromscombe, captivated by his gift of song and his skill as an accountant and secretary, was his friend, but the miller's son Sam was not; and Sam's physical strength was to Zachary's as that of an ox to a rabbit's, and his cunning in devising methods of torture very acute.

Zachary had already had a couple of fights with Sam behind the mill and had received such punishment at his hands that his face looked like an over-ripe plum and he ached all over; though the fights compared to Sam's other cruelties had been light afflictions.

Sam was jealous. This newcomer who could sing all the popular songs, talk like a book, add two and five together and know what they came to, write a fair hand, and would out the kitchen with the skill of a woman would cut him out with his father, of that he was sure.

Should he go? Zachary lay pondering this question. He knew that though the easygoing, not over bright miller liked him and already found him uncommonly useful, he was not going to interfere between him and his son. He was going to leave the two boys to fight it out alone; Zachary had asked to come here and must abide the consequences.

Moreover, Jacob had a poor opinion of any lad who could not give a good account of himself in a fight. He was himself a famous wrestler, his name known all over a county famed throughout England

for its mighty fighters, and Sam was already following very satisfactorily in his footsteps. A man who could not use his fists was no man at all in his opinion. Zachary must learn, or get out.

These were the two alternatives that faced Zachary. His courage was at a low ebb to-night, and the first alternative seemed beyond him. He was becoming more and more terrified of pain. He wanted cleanliness, peace, kindness, and security. He stirred restlessly, groaning a little as his bruises hurt him, even sobbing weakly in the desolation and uncertainty of his mind.

He sobbed himself into a stupor, then dozed a bit, only to wake again still sobbing.

The moon was rising now and he could dimly see the path twisting up the hill. He looked at it, choking back his sobs in anger at his own childishness, and suddenly he fancied he saw Stella dancing up the hill, as he knew she must dance up that other hill.

She looked like a fairy's child, green gowned, light as thistledown, but there was nothing fairylike about the warm glow of happy courage that came flooding through him as he watched her. When he looked again, she was gone. But the fortitude remained.

No, he wasn't going to give up, and he knew now how he was going to tackle his problem.

He got up, almost too battered to move, stumbled down the stairs, and washed himself at the pump beside the cottage door. Then he went indoors, got the fire going, laid the table for breakfast, and by the time the miller and Sam came down had bacon sizzling in the pan.

JACOB smacked his lips appreciatively, but Sam glowered, and got in a kick on the shin that made Zachary gasp and all but drop the frying-pan.

"Give 'im back as good as he gives ee, lad!" said Jacob irritably.

"I've a better plan than that, sir," said Zachary, slipping to the table with the bacon. "I can't give him back as good as he gives—at present—and you know that—but I've a plan."

"Eh?" said the miller, drawing in his chair.

Over the meal Zachary expounded his plan. Let them both teach him how to wrestle. Meanwhile, let Sam leave him alone. Then at the next public wrestling match—it was in another month, they'd told him—let Sam and himself fight it out together, man to man, decently and according to the rules. And if Sam got the better of him in the fight, then he'd leave the mill. How was that?

Sam's eyes brightened. In another month it would be all the same; in a fight to the finish in the ring he'd batter this puling scarecrow to a mush. But the miller, of the like conviction, looked dubious.

"He'll likely kill ee, lad," he said.

"At the end of a month, if after all your teaching I can't defend myself, then let Sam kill me," said Zachary. "Meanwhile, let him leave me alone. Is that a bargain?"

And the miller and Sam both said, "Ay, it's a bargain, lad."

Dr. Crane and Aesculapius were jogging wearily home on a Saturday afternoon in October, a typical Devon day, warm, muted, and still, veiled in grey cloud.

The doctor had been summoned to a village far out of his beat to help another doctor with a difficult confinement. He had been there all night and most of to-day, and had helped to save two lives. He was glad of that, but not so glad as he would be when he had had a hot bath, a meal, and a sleep.

Please turn to page 34



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Gentian Hill

Continued from page 33

THE young wife whom he had saved had been much beloved, and Dr. Crane had, as a doctor, seen so much of love, he always fought like a tiger to save it from the rending of pain and death.

"Love is the divinity who creates peace among men, and calm upon the sea, the windless silence of storms, repose and sleep in sadness. Love sings to all things which live and are, soothing the troubled minds of gods and men."

It seemed fitting to speak those words of Agathon upon this calm and peaceful day; just as it had seemed to him fitting that they should have been written on that scrap of paper in the locket which had belonged to Stella's mother. For to his mind they fitted the child Stella.

She had, if he was not mistaken, a great gift of love; not troubling passion, but love in the sense of the old word, charity, a thing most peaceful, deep and still. And written as they were in Greek, in a fine scholarly hand, they proved to him what he had already guessed, that Stella was the child of cultured parents. He would give a good deal, he thought, to know who they were, and how the young mother had come to be involved in the tragedy of the Amphion.

The rest of the glorious passage went on singing itself in his mind. "Yes, love, who showers benignity upon the world, and before whose presence all harsh passions flee and perish; the author of all soft affections; the destroyer of all ungentle thoughts; merciful, mild; the object of the admiration of the wise, and the delight of gods; possessed by the fortunate and desired by the unhappy, therefore unhappy because they possess him not..."

Where was he? Bewildered with fatigue, and with the hypnotic splendor of the words, he had taken a wrong turning; or rather Aesculapius, unchecked, had taken a wrong turning. Instead of heading for home they were heading for a small hamlet close to Torre Abbey. The doctor pulled Aesculapius to a standstill in some indignation.

"It was my belief, after all our years together, that you could be trusted to take me straight home when a job of work was completed," he growled. "What's the matter with you? About turn."

But Aesculapius refused to turn. He jerked his head free and moved forward again. Once more the doctor reined him in and once more he moved forward.

"Have it your own way," conceded the doctor. "But if I'm not wanted at the village when we get there, if this is some wild goose chase you're leading me, there'll be no brain made for you this night."

He spoke with vexation and sighed wearily, yet he did not force Aesculapius. He knew the sure instinct of a wise old horse was far more highly developed than that of a man.

The narrow lane down which Aesculapius had brought him branched into a wider one and he found himself part of what was for this country neighborhood quite a stream of traffic: a couple of gigs, a waggon piled full of country folk, a dozen yokels on foot, and innumerable dogs.

"What's toward?" he demanded of one of the gigs.

"Wrestling" match, sir."

"Wrestling?" said the doctor, and his weariness suddenly forgotten he scented his bat more firmly on his head and permitted Aesculapius to carry him forward at a brisk pace.

The wrestling of the Devon men was rather a brutal sport, entailing physical damage of which professionally it was his duty to disapprove, yet as a Devonian born and bred he could not but take a pride in the traditional skill and courage of his countrymen.

When he reached the village green the match had already been in

progress for some time and the crowd of men and boys, and women and girls, too, was compact about the four sides of the roped off hollow square of grass that was the ring.

But his gig was a high one and pulled up behind the thinnest part of the crowd made an excellent grandstand. Aesculapius, having reached the end of his instinctive journey, stood like a rock.

The roped off ring was about twenty yards in diameter, and inside, watching the wrestling, were the three triers, or conductors of the lists, men of great experience in the art, intent upon the keeping of the rules and the honor of a great occasion. They decided all disputes immediately and without appeal.

One of them, the doctor knew, would be in possession of the purse of perhaps six or eight pounds, subscribed by persons of property in the neighborhood, which would be presented to the winner at the close of the match.

The wrestling began usually in the early afternoon and went on sometimes until dusk, the excitement increasing when the lanterns were lit and the crowd leaned over the ropes lynx eyed to see fair play. The rules were simple, but they had to be kept, and roars of fury greeted any slightest infringement of them.

The wrestlers might take hold anywhere above the waistband but not below it. They might kick below the knee until blood streamed and bones were broken, but they must not kick above it. At the outset of the match every man who twice in succession threw another man upon his back, belly, or side became a standard for the purse.

WHEN the number of these first contestants had been reduced to eight they each received a crown. Then these eight fought it out until the bitter end, until only one remained. To be one of the eight was accounted a great honor. To be the winner was to be held in greater honor in the neighborhood than the King himself.

The doctor settled himself comfortably, with pleasurable anticipation. By gad, he thought, running his eye over the wrestlers, here was a fine bunch of young men for you! Where else in the world would you see such broad shoulders, such strength and muscle? And that in time of war, when so many men were in the services.

And where a fellow lacked physical strength he made up for it by agility and skill, like that dark-haired boy there, slim as a hazelwood, yet wiry, with more strength in his arms than you'd expect, and using his feet so cleverly that he'd not been thrown yet.

Though he was scarcely the type for this sport and was not likely, the doctor thought, to stay the course for long. Fine young fellow, though.

Gradually the doctor's interest and attention became focused upon him, to the exclusion of others.

Who was he? Not a country yokel. He had a thoroughbred air that touched the doctor so deeply that more and more his consciousness was centred painfully upon the boy; almost in his own body he could feel the laboring of his lungs beneath the aching ribs; feel the thrill of fear that came with the consciousness of ebbing strength, and the courage that mounted with such desperate effort to subdue it.

Damner, but he liked the fellow's face with its startling contrasts; the sensitiveness of it with the delicate lips and flaring nostrils like those of a startled horse; and then the broad thinker's forehead, the obstinate jaw and sombre eyes beneath thick dark eyebrows. He was down! No, he was not. He'd saved himself by that clever footwork.

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Interesting People



MISS C. M. PIDDINGTON
... youthful principal

PRINCIPAL of the Women's College, Queensland University, Miss C. M. Piddington was this year elected to its Senate and is the only woman member. She is a graduate of Sydney University, and is 36 years old. She heads the College's drive to raise £50,000 for a residential college at Queensland's new University at St. Lucia. It will replace the six weatherboard houses where women students now live. She hopes to interest women's groups in American universities in donating rooms which will bear their names.



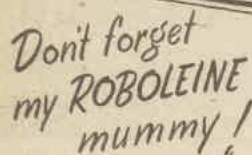
COLONEL W. COOPER
... high post

ARRIVED in Sydney to take up the position of Chief Secretary for Eastern Australia Territory, Salvation Army (second in administrative status to that of Territorial Commander) is Colonel W. Cooper. His last appointment in England was Chief Side Officer, International Training College for Officers, London. With the Salvation Army for 30 years, during the last war he served in the R.N.V.R. A fine speaker, he will be a valuable addition to Sydney's religious life.



MISS MARGARET PEARSON
... child's guide to London

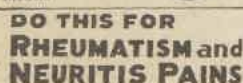
AFTER being in England only two years, former Sydney journalist Margaret Pearson has been commissioned by the publishing firm of Harrap to compile and illustrate a children's guide to London. She has already written several children's books, the best known being "Poppet and Pete," the story of two koalas. She has also written an Australian history book for children, "The Story of Australia," and before leaving for England wrote and illustrated "Tales of Roney Street."



In 12oz. and 36oz. jars at all Chemists.

Roboleine

THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 24, 1950

Continued from page 34

Please turn to page 36

1. 實業部調查會

★
she is 39 . . .
but looks 23!

"Anne, what on earth have you done to yourself. You are look well. And so much younger than when I last saw you."

"Thanks, darling. I haven't been drinking a whiskies' potion, but I have found the secret of personal youthfulness of face and feature."

"Tell me!"

"Vel-Lure . . . Ever heard of it — Vel-Lure Wrinkle Cream. It's wonderful. I wouldn't have believed it until Janet told me about it. Do you know — I'd barely used it a week and the lines began to disappear. Used it a fortnight and they are gone. Close my heart!"

"Vel-Lure Active Wrinkle Cream did you say, Anne?"

"Yes, that's it. Ask your Chemist—he's got it."

VEL-LURE active

WRINKLE CREAM

Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores except in Queensland.

Costs 3/9 tube, or suitable economy tube 6/6.
If unobtainable locally, write to Vel-Lure Chemical Co., 12 Princess Ave., Rosebery, N.S.W.

5 doctors prove this plan breaks the laxative habit

If you take laxatives regularly—here's how you can stop!

Because 5 New York doctors now have proved you may break the laxative habit . . . and establish your natural powers of regularity. 83% of the cases tested did it. So can you.

Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead: Every night for one week take 2 Carter's Little Liver Pills, 2nd week—one each night. 3rd week—one every other night. Then—nothing! Every day, drink eight glasses of water; set a definite time for regularity.

Carter's Little Liver Pills "unblock" the lower digestive tract and from then on let it make use of its own natural powers.

Further—Carter's Little Liver Pills contain no habit-forming drugs. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store.

Omitted from the full page
INGOLA ADVERTISEMENT
in June 10 issue was the name of
the manufacturer.
Ingola Fabric is manufactured by
INGOT MILLS PTY. LTD.,
Joynton Avenue, Rosebery, N.S.W.

AN indignant ejaculation broke in from the deep voice, "Cordelia! The boy may have a girlishly delicate appearance, but, damme, he fights like a man!"

"Nothing personal was intended, sir," said the other voice, courteously. "The spectacle of you with the boy in your arms reminded me of that poignant scene. You remember?" And he quoted with a strange depth of feeling that silenced the doctor, "... she lives. If it be so, it is a chance which does redeem all sorrows that ever I have felt."

Shakespeare! How long since he had heard Shakespeare quoted, Zachary wondered? There was healing in the sound of the words, and in the feel of the cushioned settle. And then he was gulping hot coffee and was in partial possession of his wits again.

Yet he was still highly bewildered. Who was he now? Anthony? Zachary? Cordelia? Was he to begin life all over again for the third time? But he did not want to be Cordelia, who had nothing to do with Stella. Zachary had. Therefore, he must remain Zachary.

"I'm Zachary," he said.

The doctor nodded reassuringly, pulling up a chair to the settle. "I know, Zachary Moon. My name is Crane. I'm a crusty bachelor doctor, living alone. Is there any reason, Zachary, why you should not come home with me and pay me a visit?"

"I don't think so, sir," said Zachary. He was silent a moment, puzzling it out, trying to remember if he belonged anywhere now, and if so, where. "No. I don't think I belong anywhere. I was at the mill, working for Jacob Bromcombe. He liked me, but Sam didn't. I told Sam that if he threw me to-day I'd clear out."

"Then you've cleared out," said the doctor. "Good. Now keep still and shut out your addled wits while I take a stroll round his bookshelves with our host."

Zachary couldn't take it in and did not try. He merely knew it was all right. He lay for a little with his eyes shut. Then he opened them and gazed in astonishment at the two men facing each other at

the other side of the room, deep in talk, precious volumes in their hands, two infatuated scholars who seemed not to have met before but whose mutual love of learning had now apparently made them friends.

He would not forget, as long as he lived, the moment in the ring when he had looked round and met the doctor's eyes. The tenderness in the man's brown weatherbeaten face had been like spring water gushing out of a rock, and, like water, it had refreshed Zachary.

The other man, at first sight, lacked the doctor's compassion. His appearance reminded Zachary of certain aristocratic emigres whom he had known in Bath. He was severely dressed in black, with a meticulously folded plain white stock. His dress was that of a savant, but the set of his head and shoulders was almost military, and the only softness about him was the beauty of his voice.

Zachary had the feeling that he had seen him before, but in his dazed condition he could not remember where.

Yet at the moment of departure this man surprised Zachary so much that he could scarcely collect himself to say good-bye politely. While the doctor carried his bag out to his gig it was he who came to Zachary, helped him to his feet and steadied him with an arm about him.

At the same time, he smiled, and it was as though light broke from his face.

"Zachary," said the man, "you and I have seen each other before, I think. Do you remember? In the chapel of St. Michael. I hope very much that we shall meet again one day."

Zachary nodded, speechless. Ascendancy, regarding them benevolently between his blinkers, looked extremely smug as he set off at a brisk trot for the doctor's home.

The doctor put Zachary to bed and kept him there for a few days. Zachary had no objection. He lay still and slept, rousing only when Tom Pearse thrust a tray with some-

Gentian Hill

Continued from page 35

thing to eat or drink beneath his nose or when the doctor came to attend to his legs.

Yet in spite of his sleepiness he found himself becoming aware of his surroundings, with no sense of unfamiliarity or vagueness but with that comforting sense of reality, almost of recognition, which comes when what is about us is what we want and can accept as part of ourselves.

His room was a small one over the porch. The truckle bed was narrow and hard, there was the minimum of furniture, but it was all scrupulously clean.

Blue-and-white check curtains swung at the open window and through it came the country sounds, the wind in the trees, the patter of rain, the church clock striking, the clip clop of horses' hoofs, the crowing of cocks and the voices of little children.

THERE were good clean smells in the house; baking bread, the doctor's antiseptics and tobacco, Tom Pearse's furniture polish and yellow soap.

Tom Pearse had round bright blue eyes set in a crumpled, clean-shaven face with a purplish, pock-marked nose and a large, smiling, toothless mouth, permanently half-moon shape with good humor.

He had been a seaman and still dressed as one in long, loose, blue trousers flapping comfortably round his feet, a short, round, blue jacket with brass buttons, and a canary waistcoat.

Zachary liked Tom Pearse and his liking was reciprocated. Tom, in his sea days, had looked after the "youngsters." He was a born mother, and it was a delight to have "a young gentleman" to care for again.

One evening, Zachary woke up rather suddenly at twilight, with no pain in his head and a very clear mind. He lay for a little, thinking. The doctor was out, he knew, and Tom was working in the garden just below his window.

ZACHARY sat up slowly, moved his still painful legs cautiously from under the covers, and sat on the side of the bed, a comical figure in the doctor's be-frilled nightshirt.

"Tom!" he shouted. "What did you do with my clothes?"

"Clothes?" Tom yelled contemptuously. "Did ye call them rags ye come in clothes? I wouldn't have demeaned the kitchen floor by washing it over with 'em. They're burnt."

"Well, I want to get up. What shall I put on?"

There was a pause in the rhythmic thud of Tom's spade. Then he came stamping indoors and up the stairs to his own little room in the attic. Presently he reappeared with his painted black canvas kit-bag slung over his shoulders.

"It ain't no manner of use riggin' ye up in the doctor's clothes, with him so short in the leg and broad in the shoulder as he be, an' ye a ganglin' scarecrow of a lad all leg an' no beam. But here's me best shore-going slops wot I 'ad in the navy afore I put on weight. Tisn't every lad as I could abide to see struttin' around in me shore slops, but ye're a good lad an' I'll be proud to lend 'em to ye."

He opened his kit-bag and a most astonishing assortment of brilliant garments tumbled out. White duck trousers, striped blue and white trousers, a red shirt, a white shirt, a spotted shirt, a spotted waistcoat, a striped waistcoat and one of scarlet kerseymer. Jackets of blue and yellow. Stockings of good white silk and black shoes with big silver buckles. A low tarpaulin hat with a black ribbon dangling from it, bearing the proud word "Agamemnon."

Admiral Nelson, liked as smart, said Tom with tender reminiscence. "There, lad. Take your pick."

But Zachary, in his weakened state, felt incapable of making a selection, and Tom arrayed him as a mother her child in a fine white shirt, with collar open at the neck in the Byronic manner, a black silk handkerchief knotted round the throat, white duck trousers, scarlet waistcoat, blue coat, white silk stockings, and buckled shoes.

Please turn to page 37



What a wonderful way to CHASE BABY'S COLDS DOUBLE QUICK!



SO EASY!

No fuss, no bother! Just rub chest, throat and back with Vicks VapoRub.



SO PLEASANT!

Nothing to swallow. It feels good and smells good! Children love VapoRub!



NO WAITING!

Relief starts in a hurry! Right then and there the child begins to feel better!



DOUBLE DIRECT!

1. CLEARS stuffy nose, calms coughing, with its soothing, medicinal vapours.
2. EASES tight, achy chest and "draws out" congestion like a warming poultice. This double action works for hours and breaks up many colds overnight!

PROVED! OVER 40 MILLION TIMES A YEAR!

ONE YOUNG MOTHER told another—and now, in 71 countries, over 40 million jars of Vicks VapoRub are used every year to end colds double-quick this pleasant, safe, modern way. Do take chances with untried remedies. Vicks VapoRub is home-proved and time-tested—for children and grown-ups, too!

VICKS VAPORUB



NATURALLY, Tom's clothes hung rather loosely on Zachary, but a belt round the waist kept them tethered, and when Tom had polished the shoes and applied the doctor's hairbrushes to Zachary's rough head until it ached worse than ever, he was highly satisfied with the result of fifteen minutes' hard labor.

"Ye've no looks to mention, but ye look a gentleman," he conceded. "An' I'll lay the supper in the dinin' parlor."

Zachary went rather shakily downstairs to the doctor's study and sat there waiting in the chair facing the windows. He had seen this room only once before, on the night of his arrival, but had scarcely noticed it then. Now he sat taking it all in, the books, the engravings of the doctor's heroes, the neatness, cleanliness, and peace, and wondering painfully if he had really heard the doctor say a few nights ago, "After to-day—my son." Well, he'd soon know.

He heard the gig drive up, Tom

go out to take Aesculapius to his stable, and then the doctor's firm footfall in the hall. With his heart beating like a sledge-hammer, he stood up and bowed.

The doctor's hand came down kindly on his shoulder. "Hey, lad! And what made you get up?"

"I was able, sir," said Zachary.

"Good. Now I'll go and change and have a wash and then we'll eat. I missed dinner altogether and I'm hungry as a hunter. After the meal we'll talk. By gird, look at you in Tom's shore tops!"

Tom had been determined that the occasion should do justice to his slops. He had put four lighted candles on the round mahogany table in the panelled dining-parlor, and two on the mantelpiece, and cooked an unusually appetising meal. The doctor came down in his best blue coat, a fresh flower in his button-hole, and his eyeglass in his eye, and opened a bottle of Madeira and another of port.

There was not a thing about Zachary that the doctor did not observe; his good and easy manners, his considerable intelligence, his eager yet humble mind that was already sufficiently well informed to know that it knew nothing, his distress and his determined mystery of it.

There was quality here; good malleable stuff ready for the punching into shape that it was his delight to give. And in the case of Zachary he was conscious that there was something more, a hunger crying out to his hunger.

Gentian Hill

Continued from page 36

It seemed too much to hope that this boy was fatherless though in that cottage after the wrestling he had felt for the moment convinced of it.

After dinner they went back to the study, where Tom had lit the candles and kindled a fire of applewood and pinecones in the basket grate, and pulled up the chairs to the fragrant blaze. Zachary tried to take the cushionless chair, but the doctor motioned him to the comfortable one.

"I'm used to this one," he said, as he filled his pipe. He lit it and puffed, watching the boy.

Zachary was feeling the better for a good meal and the warmth of the fire. But he sat stiffly, his hands clasped between his knees, nervously himself to say something. Then he said it.

"Thank you, sir, for your goodness. I am quite well now. I must not encroach any longer upon your hospitality."

"Where were you thinking of going, boy?" asked the doctor. "Have you a home?"

"No, sir. But I am perfectly capable of finding employment for myself. I found it before."

There was a touch of defiance in the tone that made the doctor smile, though he liked it.

"Yes, you did. At the mill. But I doubt if that was exactly suitable employment for a fellow of your type. I have a suggestion to make, Zachary. There is a spare room in this bachelor establishment. I like the company of boys. So does Tom. Stay here until we find some employment more suited to you than working a hopper. And even then, if you have no home of your own, you might like to look upon this house as not such a bad imitation. Got any parents living?"

He put the query casually, but never in his life had he waited more anxiously for an answer, and when Zachary shook his head he could have shouted in his joy.

"Well, then, you might look on me as a father for as long as you have any use for the commodity."

So he had heard aright in the cottage. Zachary flushed scarlet to the roots of his hair. His throat swelled and he could not look at the doctor. Yet he must look at him. He turned his head somehow, their eyes met, and the doctor knew what was Zachary's particular demon. Fear.

Hundreds of times as a doctor had he seen that particular look in the eyes, when a man or a woman was suddenly released from fear, but never so nakedly revealed as now.

"No need to thank me, boy," he said easily. "If your need was great, so was mine, and I've no doubt we'll shake down together very comfortably. You can tell me what you like about yourself when you like, or not at all, just as it pleases you."

"I'd like to tell you everything now, sir," said Zachary.

Stumblingly at first, then with growing confidence, Zachary told his story. He told the bare facts, neither exaggerating nor making excuses.

"I—deserted," he said, and only the agonising little pause between the two words told the doctor that he knew now, if he had not known then, that that had been a battle that his demon had won.

There were only two parts of the story where the doctor's intuition was aware of something that had not been told. Some experience had come to the boy in the chapel, and again on Bowerly Hill, which his inexperience could not describe.

Perhaps he would be wise never to attempt to describe them; these experiences of adolescence, these first tentative apprehensions of eternal values, seemed only ridiculous when put into words; yet in the shaping of his destiny nothing that ever happened to a man had a greater importance.

There was a third reservation; but this time only a partial one; Zachary was not able to tell the doctor exactly what Stella meant to him. For one thing, she seemed too precious to be talked about, and for another he scarcely understood himself what had happened between him and Stella.

Please turn to page 39

RIVETS



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Eleanor Parker
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Chosen for Beauty

Starlet

Propelling LIPSTICK 2/11

Creme MAKE-UP 2/11

Matching NAIL ENAMEL 1/11

Compact Rouge 1/6

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COLES
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"COME IN Aunt Jenny

... and see what a boon Velvet is in my home!"

greeted Mrs. G. Boland, charming young mother of three, when Aunt Jenny visited her at her home at 37 Halley Street, Fivedock. Mrs. Boland declared that Velvet was invaluable in the house for any young housewife.

(Original letter on our files)

"Just to show you how Velvet keeps precious things, this lovely handmade blouse—a treasured gift—is over 50 years old! See how dainty it is. If Velvet can look after it like that all these years, no wonder it's the kindest soap to your hands."



"Have you really had this snowy white pillow case since your marriage?" exclaims Aunt Jenny. "Yes," replies Mrs. Boland proudly. "And these sheets, too. Velvet's proved to be really economical for me!"

Pure, mild Velvet is so kind to your hands—so gentle to your clothes. Here's why clothes last longer



FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn out because hard-rubbing is necessary with slippery, inferior soaps. And look how those weary-willy suds leave dirt ingrained in the weave.



FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new wash after wash because no hard rubbing is needed, yet not a trace of dirt is left behind. Velvet's extra soapy suds are kind to the most delicate skin and gentle to your clothes too!



True to every morning. Mum, at 100, "Aunt Jenny's Real Velvet Soap."

This'll set things right!



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Other Kia-Ors Products — SPAGHETTI, TOMATO JUICE, BAKED BEANS and SOUPS... Tomato, Celery and Vegetable.

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COLDSTREAM

COLDSTREAM GUARDS THE NATION'S

HEALTH

Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughing Curbed Quickly

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods? No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is now hope for you in a famous, well-known, and well-proven medicine. No more attacks, no injections, no stomach pain. All you do is take two tablets after meals and in three minutes Mendaco starts working through your system, easing pain, removing phlegm, relaxing your throat, and bringing about sleep the first night, so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years
Mendaco not only brings almost immediate relief, but free breathing, but makes up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, a student, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs. and was coughing every

night, couldn't sleep. Mendaco-stopped asthma, opened his throat, and he has had no more since in over two years.

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The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work, relieving through your blood and helping nature relieve you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco, just return the money package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist, lawyer, and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel tomorrow. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

TEENA

by Linda Terry



ARIES (March 21 to April 20): Some big happenings may come up for many Arians this week, which could involve sudden moves, changes, or upheavals in the home or domestic sphere. Friday to Monday appears to be the most active time, with June 23 a day of unexpected events.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): June 22, 23, and 24 seem your most interesting days this week, with June 21, 23, and 24 rather adverse. Friday to Monday appears to be the most active time, with June 23 a day of unexpected events.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): June 23 and 24 are adverse, with the evening of June 24 and all 25 much brighter. June 27 is a day of unexpected events. Watch your affairs carefully, especially to do with finance, speculation, health, and domestic matters. Your nervous system could be a little run down, and you could easily catch chills.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): An important cycle begins for you this week. Sudden events are sure to force you into action or decision. Don't commit yourself to any important matter on June 24. Fate may solve it for you on June 27.

As I Read the STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Some strange events are likely this week, so keep wide awake. Avoid rashness, carelessness, or anything that could put you in disfavor or involve you in risks, accidents, or strained personal relationships. June 23 to 27 are your active days.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Be very careful in career activities during June 23 and 24. Problems may arise and will not be easily solved. However, Sunday proves a happy and exhilarating day and June 27 provides a surprise.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Some important change is imminent this week, and although things may incline to go away in the vocational and domestic circle, conditions will prove beneficial ultimately. June 27 is a day when destiny has a few surprise moves.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Your ruling planet, Mars, is in conflict with the erratic planet Uranus on Saturday, so—be cautious. Think well in all important moves, especially to do with change or travel. Be tactful with relatives. June 27 can be eventful.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Some difficult conditions prevail

this week, which could make it unsafe for any important deals nearing June 23 and 24. An unexpected element marks June 27 affecting your material assets.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): This week has rather mixed influences which could bring problems through partnership affairs. Unless caution is used over the week-end, a breach could occur in a love affair or some tangle upset your domestic life. Next Tuesday offers some unexpected events.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): This week could be a trying one and you may have to tackle some tough problems. Take things steadily, especially during June 23, 24, and 27. Don't overdo things, guard against strain or mishaps.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Your best period in an otherwise adverse week is the evening of Saturday 24, and all day Sunday 25. Avoid impulse on June 23 and most of June 24, especially in matters close to your heart. On no account take a risk in speculation.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 24, 1950

*Luxury
embroidered
and scalloped*
(YET INEXPENSIVE)



**Erin-Art
SHEETS
AND PILLOWCASES**

Erin-Art sheets are available in all sizes, hemstitched and scalloped or plain; Erin-Art pillow cases are available hemstitched, embroidered or plain housewife style. All are made from finest quality linen-finish sheetings.



SAVE MONEY
by using
DOUBLE STRENGTH GILSEAL DYES

FOR YOUR
FROCKS AND
CHILDREN'S
CLOTHING

YOUR CHEMISTS
ADVISE IS—
FREE!

WORMS TOO COMMON
Most people—Young and old—suffer from worms.
COMSTOCK'S WORM PELLETS banish stomach and thread worms quickly, surely, pleasantly.
Easy to take.
2/6 EVERYWHERE
COMSTOCK'S WORM PELLETS

Gentian Hill

Continued from page 37

DR. CRANE, however, understood well enough, and, understanding, felt for Zachary a deep respect for a boy or young man who could fall in love with a little girl was a man whose love would never be time's fool. He remembered how Stella had grieved for Zachary; was probably still grieving for him.

The story was done, and he sighed a little, the anxiety of the deep love of fatherhood already heavy upon him.

Zachary's anxiety, as he waited for the doctor to speak, was of a different sort. The old man's silence had told him exactly what the doctor thought of his act of desertion. What would he do if told he must go back to the navy? His mind balked. As in the chapel, his soul seemed full again of that defiant shouting.

"I can't do it, I tell you. It is not possible. Flesh and blood cannot endure it. I tell you flesh and blood cannot endure it." Had he shouted aloud? He gripped his hands together and the sweat ran down his temples.

"Is there anything that you would especially like to do, Zachary?" asked the doctor gently.

Zachary relaxed a little; apparently he had not shouted aloud. "Yes, sir. I'd like to be a shepherd at Weekabourough Farm."

The doctor was startled. This intelligent boy a farm laborer? Well, perhaps he knew best what was good for him just at this juncture. Out there on the hill with the sheep he'd find quiet and healing; and that he must undoubtedly have before he could once more come to grips with his demon.

"But I understand, Zachary, that your services have already been somewhat violently rejected by Farmer Sprigg?"

Zachary grinned. His relief that the doctor made not the slightest suggestion of his returning to the navy was so overwhelming that he felt quite light headed. "Yes, sir. But I was dressed like a scarecrow then."

"And now, in Tom Pearse's shoes stops, you look like a moulted macaw."

"Perhaps, sir—" suggested Zachary.

"Very well, lad. To-morrow we'll drive to town and fit you out in a manner likely to impress Farmer Sprigg, and then you can try your luck again. And now, as your medical adviser, I suggest bed—though, as your father, I'd prefer to keep you here till midnight."

Zachary got up, looked at the doctor, tried to find words, failed to achieve anything except, "Good-night, sir," bowed, and left the room.

Stella had been kept at home for more than a week by the wet weather and a bad cold, but now it was a beautiful morning and her cold was gone.

The behaviour of her heart kept her perpetually a-pig upon her toes as she helped Mother Sprigg make the beds, her eyes were sparkling and her dimples peeping, and suddenly abandoning all attempt at decorum, she flung Father Sprigg's goose-feather pillow into the centre of the bedroom floor and turned a somersault upon it.

"For gracious sakes!" ejaculated Mother Sprigg.

Zachary meanwhile was coming up the hill from the village most suitably attired in breeches, leather gaiters, and rough frieze coat, with his hair cut short and one of Tom's less spectacular shirts open at the neck.

He reached the top of the hill, and the great fence that was the boundary of Father Sprigg's land upon the north. He went through the gate and stood looking down upon the Weekabourough valley, and away to the moors upon the west and the sea upon the east, as Stella and Sol had done.

The season was more advanced now, and there was a cool nip in the west wind. Yet the beauty was as great as before, and Zachary, taking great gulps of the life-giving wind, gave a sudden shout of triumph.

The freedom of it! To be able to shout when he wanted to, to feel health pouring back into him.

He turned down the lane to a gate upon the left, leaped upon it, and found himself in a field of red earth which was being ploughed by a team of beautiful dun-colored oxen.

The ploughman, an ancient with a bent, old body like a brittle tree, stopped, wiped his forehead on his forearm, then turned and laid his hands once more upon the plough. The oxen moved forward, turning downhill, and the old man's voice, very frail, yet so sure and sensitive in pitch and tone, rose lonely and serene in the immemorial chant that his fathers had sung before him century after century over these same green hills.

Zachary listened, awed and silent again; it was lovely, but it lacked the tenor notes. He tried them softly under his breath, at first tentatively, then more surely, remembering the rhythm of the chanting of the mass.

The plough with its wheeling gulls reached the bottom of the hill, turned, and came up again, and as it neared the steepest part of the slope Zachary was sure of himself and the music.

Singing, he pulled off his coat, jumped off the gate, and walked to meet the team; still singing, he swung in beside Sol and bent his weight to the plough; still singing, they moved together up the hill, swung, and turned, the gulls turning with them.

SOL, after one glance at the boy beside him, accepted him as he accepted everything, calmly and without astonishment, and rested himself in this blessed comradeship of a timeless kindred spirit. As for Zachary, wave after wave of exaltation beat through him as he gave himself for the first time to this blessed action of the following of the plough.

The tread of the oxen, their deep and quiet breathing, the ring of the harness, the creak of the plough, the wind, the cry of the gulls, his own voice singing, Sol's deep bass accompaniment, the rhythmic swing and turn at the start of each ascent and descent, the swathe of rose-red earth curling back from the counter like foam from a ship's prow, it seemed to him all one action, one glorious paragon of adoration rising from the altar of earth to Heaven.

The plough had stopped. The patient oxen stood with heads dropped wearily. Old Sol was chuckling delightedly, enjoying the astonishment of a tall, stout man leaning over the gate.

Zachary, utterly stunned by the sudden descent to earth, rubbed his hand across his eyes, then blinked confusedly at a picture he had seen before, and memorised with loving care; a little figure in a red cloak standing behind a gate, a pointed chin propped on top of it, a row of small fingertips to either side; and down below a furry countenance thrust engagingly through the lower bars.

Stella and Hodge. So he had seen them when he said good-bye in the moonlight; so he saw them again now in the bright sun; and so he would see them in memory when he was parted from them, until the end of life.

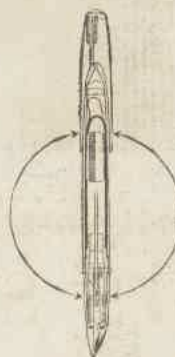
He gave a cry of delight and strode towards them, and like a flash Stella had scrambled to the top of the gate, fallen down on the other side, jumped up again, and flung herself into his outstretched arms.

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Mother and slayer at girl's canonisation

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Canonisation by the Pope of a saint of purity, Maria Goretti, will be one of the events of Holy Year witnessed by the Australian delegation to Rome which the Archbishop of Brisbane, Dr. Duhig, is leading.

The ceremony, for which magnificent vestments will be worn, will last four and a half hours.

IT is one of several canonisations listed for Holy Year so that pilgrims to Rome may take part.

Italians know the story of the life of Maria Goretti, who died at the age of 12 from dagger wounds inflicted by her would-be seducer.

Her murderer is still alive, has repented, served a long sentence, and now works as gardener at a convent. He will be present at her canonisation.

So will her mother, who still lives at Nettuna close to the Passionists' church in the cemetery of which Maria Goretti is buried.

Maria Teresa Goretti, called Marietta by her parents, Luigi and Assunta, was born on October 16, 1890, at Corinaldo, in Italy. Luigi was a farmer, and when his increasing family outgrew his farm's capacity to support them he moved to Ferriere di Conca, about seven miles from Nettuna.

Here Luigi died after a series of illnesses, for the district was most unhealthy.

The family were sharing a ramshackle building, which had once been a cheese factory, with the Serenelli family.

Following the death of Maria's father, his widow, Assunta, worked in the fields to support her family, and little Maria, then only about nine years of age, looked after her brothers and sisters and did the housework.

Although she could not read or write, Maria was noted for her piety, and had made her first Holy Communion after instruction in the catechism for eleven months.

She was tall for her age (12), nearly 5ft., with reddish-brown eyes and hair and pale red lips.

Allessandro Serenelli, one of the sons of the family who shared the Goretti's living quarters, had been making advances to the girl for some time. Receiving no encouragement, he finally threatened her with a dagger, and then, enraged, attacked her with it, inflicting 14 wounds from which she died 20 hours later.

From the very moment of her death, it is said, Maria's heavenly intercession was sought and cures for illness were effected.

These "miracles" will be presented at her canonisation as just causes for this girl being raised to sainthood in her church.

To her grave, now a handsome shrine in the Pontifical Sanctuary under the care of the Passionists at Nettuna, hundreds of people went to ask for relief from their pain.

Evidence is given that a young boy suffering from tuberculosis went to her then humble grave shortly after her death and his condition at once began to improve. His illness never returned, and he served in the Army in World War I. Many other cases have been cited.

Before Maria Goretti can be canonised, the Pope must assure himself that such miracles have taken place, and in hearing, rejecting, hearing them again and again, the long hours of canonisation are taken up.

The Roman Catholic Church is slow to set the seal of its approval on the sanctity of any person. Though Maria was murdered in 1902, it was not until 1935 that the first formal investigation of her life and death was begun by the Church.



PAINTING of Maria Goretti, which has been printed on post-cards issued in Rome to mark the canonisation of the saint.

Maria's mother will sit in a stall of honor surrounded by princes and statesmen, the Pope's relatives, the Papal Court, the Knights of Malta, the Roman nobility, and the diplomatic corps of 45 nations.

It is rarely that a mother sees one of her children canonised, as 83-year-old Mrs. Assunta Goretti will do. At the earlier beatification ceremony, when Maria was made "the Blessed," the congregation recognised her mother, and, despite the solemnity of the occasion, cheered her and wept.

Also present will be Maria's two sisters, Sister Theresa, of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, and Mrs. Porfilla Ercilia, and two brothers, Mario and Angelo.

Angelo is the 60-year-old father of seven children. He has lived in America for more than 40 years.

Serenelli, tried and found guilty, was sentenced to imprisonment for 30 years. For a long time he did not repent of his crime, maintaining that Maria had encouraged him.

But one night he dreamed he saw Maria in a garden of lilies, which she gathered and gave to him. As he took them, each flower changed to a tongue of fire. He awoke, he claims, a changed man, and since then has given continual evidence of his conversion.

For the canonisation, St. Peter's Church, Rome, will be bathed in light from great garlands of crystal chandeliers.

Walls will be hung with gold cloth and damask on that day, and the altar will blaze with jewels.

The Pope's throne is hung with a cloth of silver on such occasions, and the solemn procession is headed by monks carrying lighted candles and dressed in the medieval habits of their orders.

After them come the ecclesiastical dignitaries and the Papal Court in rich and colorful array, exquisitely jewelled.

Finally the Pope himself comes, borne aloft in the sedia (his red-and-gold chair), his hand with the Fisherman's ring raised in blessing, while silver trumpets sound above.

This will be the real moment of glory in Maria's canonisation.

In the apse, set above the Pope's throne, will be an electrically lit portrait of Maria Goretti.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMAN'S WEEKLY - June 24, 1950

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 24, 1959

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Lack on gambling (6).
2. Bile upset a she hog where criminals
are hanged (7).
10. A putrefaction in a Spanish hero
forms a great story (7).
11. Leaves of French iron and human
bones before tea (7).
12. Look an accommodation (4).
13. Fix firmly fifty in three (5).
14. 4540 sq. yards (4).
17. Make precious British organ (4).
18. Outrage five hundred small point of
fluid running into sea in case (7).
21. Wild animal gasp for breath before
her (7).
22. One hundred sweetheart in trefoll (6).
27. Bore in flower (4).
28. A rest in fixed game (5).
29. Boon a negation (4).
32. Inspire with love by our name (7).
33. Thousand and I wager an error (7).
34. Disloyalty cause after tea (7).
35. Rubber periods about back (6).

Solution to last week's crossword



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

3. Air and mixed air before five hundred
attack by planes (3-4).
4. Small children adds up (4).
5. In the middle of a ganglion a simple
dice game runs up (5).
6. Look about erudition (archaic) (6).
7. Recently much discussed post mine
which is never closed (4-5).
8. Dog for seeking game (6).
9. Spectator's hole with a mountain-
cock in the middle (7).
11. Marshy land and the German in front
of a fireplace (6).
15. No wonder it is filthy as its end is
for the pigs (5).
16. Fall from saddle she stick hockle (5).
17. Discreet (4).
20. Tradesman without whom you could
not have this paper (7).
22. Gains donkey you getting old (7).
24. Label in climbing plant of the season
for gathering grapes (7).
25. Mulester who is pet in another way
(6).
26. One thousand in a figurative use of
a word produces blast in a tur-
bine (6).
29. Throw lightly to a steamship (4).
31. Take I a part of the world (4).

Road To Rio

Continued from page 2

screened plate to the wandering mind
of his secretary.

And because Sarah could tell him
nearly everything she told him about
last night's quarrel.

"I remember in my student
days..." he smiled reminiscently.
"...still, he's probably slogging
too hard, and you've couped your-
self up too much."

"Yes," Sarah agreed. She jabbed
the point of her pencil into her note-
book, watched it snap into fine dust,
then replaced it thoughtfully in the
pocket of her starched white coat. She
was unable to explain the
peculiar devious quality of last night.
If John loved her he would realise
how she felt. He would understand
well enough not to be evasive when
marriage was mentioned; he would
realise she must have something
definite to which she could look for-
ward.

Her employer's keen eyes studied
the despondency on her face, then
he said: "I've got a couple of seats
for a film premiere to-night—here
they are. Get your John to take you
—and dress up in your prettiest." A
patient gave these to him—go and
enjoy yourself. My wife is busy—
and I feel awful—I think I've caught
a flu bug." He sneezed.

Sarah dropped the tickets in her
pocket, good humor restored. As
her hand rapidly squiggled techni-
calities she wondered what she
should wear. Her one long frock—
black, well-cut and simple—was
good, but she had had it so long.

Mollie, her colleague, had the solu-
tion. She took a taxi home during
the lunch hour and returned with
the best dress from her year-old
trousseau, and a little fur jacket that
had been a wedding present from her
father. "We're the same measure-
ments," she said, "and you'll look
heavenly—and feel as though you're
having a holiday. And I'll stay with
Phelps, so you can get off early,"
she finished handsomely.

"You're a pet," Sarah said warmly,
smothering the unworthy reflection
that to-morrow she would un-
doubtedly have to go over Mollie's
enthusiastic but inaccurate trans-
criptions.

John was out of his office when

Sarah telephoned to offer her olive
branch. Since she would be spend-
ing the entire afternoon in the
screening-room, where telephone
calls were unwelcome, she had to
leave a message with the girl on the
switchboard.

She explained about the tickets
and said she would meet him in
the cinema foyer. If John couldn't
make it he was to telephone. The
operator, who knew her well, said
she would certainly see he got the
message.

The honey-colored dress, the
exact shade of her hair, fitted per-
fectly. She felt comfortably well
dressed and self-assured as she stood,
snuggled in the warm little fur
jacket, waiting for John. At first
she was too absorbed in the gather-
ing excitement to notice his non-
appearance. A cabinet minister and
his wife arrived; there were stars
and starlets. Photographers darted
among the celebrities.

Sarah stood in the glittering, busy
throne, listening to the chatter and
watching the flashing bulbs, until
she realised the foyer was emptying
and John hadn't arrived.

Something had happened to detain
him. He would have let her know,
surely, if he hadn't been able to turn
up. Or could it be that he had not
turned up deliberately?

She left his ticket at the box office
and, feeling like a Cinderella with-
out a prince, she hurried down to
the fourth row of stalls. Mercifully,
the seats were by the gangway. She
left the end one empty and through-
out the performance was achingly,
furiously conscious of it. She turned
back to the screen, still too preoccu-
pied with her own thoughts to regis-
ter who was murdering whom.

Finally the lights came up. She
got up quickly and picked her way
to the entrance, wondering how she
was to get a taxi in this mob. She
could have cried from utter frustra-
tion.

"Well, what did you think of it?"
a voice at her side asked. It spoke
almost into her ear, and brought
her head round quickly, though she
knew it couldn't possibly be speak-
ing to her. But apparently it was.
The tall, square-shouldered man
looked at her inquiringly.

Please turn to page 42

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CARES FOR GUMS, HELPS STOP DECAY... S.R. WORKS THE DOUBLE WAY

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Road To Rio

Continued from page 41

SARAH smiled uncertainly. "Oh—I thought it was on the feeble side," she said. She had seen so little of the film that she was in no position to give any clear judgment; but possibly the best way to freeze off a pick-up was to give the impression of being a seasoned first-nighter, and in the circumstances it seemed safer to condemn than to praise.

She looked intently at the line of cars. "I'm looking for my friend..."

"He hasn't turned up," the man said in his pleasant, modulated, and distinctly transatlantic voice. He grinned affably at the frozen look she turned on him. "It's all right, I'm not really a pick-up. I'm a friend of Phelps-Gray's. We were all coming here to-night—I was supposed to be with Dr. Dinah Burrows, but she's operating. Phelps-Gray told me he couldn't make it and had given his ticket to you... I've been sitting next to you all evening. Remember?"

"Oh," she said. A warm smile drove the ice from her face. "My fiancé couldn't come... I was just wondering how I was going to get a taxi home."

Steel-grey eyes surveyed her briefly. "Pity to end the night so soon. Since we're both on our own, how about a bite of food at the pub I'm staying in? It's near here." His look penetrated the hurt aloofness in which she had been wrapped all evening. She felt the curiously magnetic force that emanated from him. Something about him reminded her vaguely of John—he had the same directness and sharp masculinity.

"We'd better introduce ourselves," he went on. "Though I do know who you are—you're Sarah Day, I'm Hamish MacGregor."

She found herself being handed into the taxi which he appeared to conjure out of the confusion with effortless ease.

She learned that he was a Canadian, in England to buy textiles; from London he was going to New York and then on to Rio. Expectantly he switched the conversation from himself and to her own astonishment she found herself submitting to a subtle cross-questioning. She told him about John, about the years he had been in the army, and their decision (his decision) to wait until he had taken his finals before they married.

"You're in love with him?" he asked abruptly. "He's important to you?"

She felt the hot color creep under her skin. Yet, oddly, she couldn't feel annoyed. "Fiancés usually are important," she rebuked him. "And engaged people are usually in love."

"True," he agreed absently. "But sometimes they wake up, after a lot of waiting that has taken the bloom off things, to find they're not."

She thought of John last night, of his non-appearance to-night, his casualness, and her own doubts. Her color went, leaving her face pale.

Suddenly Hamish MacGregor leaned forward and took her hand in his.

"I know a lot about you," he said simply. "More than you realise." He relinquished her hand and lifted his glass of burgundy. "Again, to our meeting—and my quest," he added cryptically.

"What's that?"

He put down his glass. "I thought when I came over it would be a good thing to take an English wife back," he said. "I'm thirty-six. Time I settled. I can afford it—my father left me a little money, and I make some." He spoke as though money were unimportant, but useful.

Was that why he was taking Dr. Dinah around? Sarah wondered. Then she found his grey eyes fixed on hers in a level scrutiny that became disconcerting.

"Tell me about Rio," she said hastily.

"Oh," he said. "I'd like to live in Rio. I've knocked around, all over the world, and I'd like to settle there most of all. Work? Well, not overmuch in Rio. Meet for gin-slings before lunch. Sleep in the afternoon—from four till eight. Have to, anyway, to stand the racket and the heat. Eight p.m. you get up, then you do the rounds. Dinner, dancing... bed in the early hours. You would like Rio," he told her confidently.

They went on to a club to dance, and it was nearly four in the morning when he left her at the door of her flatlet.

The next morning she was still in a daze when she went to the hospital. Phelps-Gray had succumbed to influenza, and she needed all her wits about her to cope with his assistant's quick-fire dictation.

There was no message from John. She kept her hands from the telephone until the lull for afternoon tea, then she rang his office. He had gone to Edinburgh on business, she was told. Edinburgh? Without a single word to her? "You did give him my message yesterday?" she asked the switchboard operator. Oh, yes, the message had certainly been delivered, she was assured.

So he had taken the quarrel seriously. He was probably relieved that she had given him an opportunity to break away. Or was it that he took her so completely and utterly for granted that he was beyond giving normal consideration?

IT was easier after this to accept Hamish MacGregor's flowers; easier to accept his invitations to lunch; easier, as the days went on without a letter from John, to see Hamish MacGregor every evening. By the end of the week, with a raw wound raging behind the protective veneer afforded by Hamish MacGregor's flattering attention, it was an almost painless operation to take the engagement ring from her finger and send it by registered post to John's flat.

By Sunday evening she had agreed to marry Hamish MacGregor.

Incredible. Fantastic. But it had happened. She was going to be Mrs. Hamish MacGregor, and live in Rio.

With this tremendous news burrowing inside her, it seemed impossible that the hospital should look exactly as it had on every previous Monday morning. As Sarah hurried through the vast green and cream arched entrance hall she thought everybody must read on her face the news that this was her last Monday morning.

But, unaware, the nurses scurrying by with rolled-up sleeves gave her their usual absent smile and the girl at the inquiry desk underneath the big clock merely said: "Good morning," and continued to drop cards into boxes and call out names.

Sarah hurt through the swing doors into the X-ray department. "Is Phelps back?" she asked breathlessly.

Mollie looked up from her corner behind the stack of green despatch boxes. "Yes. But there hasn't been a squeak out of him so far." Mollie seemed preoccupied and listless, unlike her usual exuberant self. Sarah looked at her, selling to confide, and yet diffident. Mollie knew everything about her and John, and nothing about Hamish MacGregor.

"How is he?" Sarah struggled into her white coat.

Mollie dipped her brush into a pot of white paint and inscribed a name in neat little letters on the top right-hand corner of the opaque plate in front of her. "Like a bear recovering from flu," she said.

Please turn to page 48

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—JUNE 24, 1950

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, with lovely

PRINCESS NARDA: Visit the capital of Flora, land of plant wonders, which is at war with the State of Mechana. They see new houses growing like toadstools.

Lighting, heating, and plumbing are included in the seed. Self-cooking seeds include chocolate, hot baked potatoes, and a steak plant. Stopping before a field of cabbage-like plants, a Florian tells them that ready-made clothes are also grown. **NOW READ ON:**



THIS IS A GARMENT TREE, STARTED BY A WOMAN NATURALIST YEARS AGO. NO ONE WAS INTERESTED, SO THE PLANTS ARE GROWING WILD ALL OVER THE PLACE. HELP YOURSELF.



NARDA UNROLLS ONE OF THE BANANA-LIKE GROWTHS. "NYLON STOCKINGS! GROWING WILD! -- SHE GASPS -- YES, A BIT CRUDE SINCE THEY'VE BEEN ALLOWED TO GROW WITHOUT CULTIVATION," SAYS THE GUIDE, APOLOGETICALLY.



A MAN FLOATS BY ON A HUGE FEATHERY SEED. "OUR WEAK ATTEMPT AT AVIATION," SAYS THE GUIDE. "A GIANT WINDBORNE SEED -- OUR MILITARY GLIDER. WE ARE ALWAYS ON THE ALERT."



THEY SEE A FLORIAN ORCHESTRA WITH STRANGE FLOWER-LIKE INSTRUMENTS, PLAYING SWEET, WEIRD MELODIES. "WE ARE A PEACEFUL PEOPLE," SAYS THE GUIDE --



"WE LOVE NATURE, CULTURE, AND BEAUTY," ADDS THE GUIDE. "BUT OUR ENEMIES OF MECHANA ARE HARSH, CRUEL PEOPLE WHO LIVE BY MACHINES. THEY'D CONQUER US -- IF THEY COULD -- AND MAKE US LIVE THEIR WAY."



THEY ENTER A LOVELY GARDEN. "THIS IS OUR PALACE," HE CONTINUES. "YOU ARE NOW TO MEET OUR RULER, DOCTOR FLOREL, WHO IS ALSO OUR GREATEST NATURALIST, TRULY A PLANT WIZARD."



IN DR. FLOREL'S GARDEN, THEY SEE AMAZING PLANTS -- HUMANLIKE GROWTH, FLOWER FOUNTAIN SPOUTING CLEAR WATER, A MYRIAD OF PLANT MIRACLES!



DOCTOR FLOREL, FOREMOST SCIENTIST OF FLORA, AND RULER OF THE LAND OF PLANT WONDERS!



Hotpoint gets the
deep-down dirt
quickly — thoroughly

You'll find the Hotpoint Model 500 Vacuum Cleaner makes cleaning easy, from floor to ceiling. The 3 Cleaning Actions—tapping out the dirt, combing up the lint, and strong suction—get the deep-down dirt. And there are some of the Hotpoint features: Six handy attachments for general cleaning; Powerful motor; Brush adjustments to compensate for bristle wear; Light weight.



Price £18'18" plus attachments. Capital Cities

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model 500 vacuum cleaner

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AUSTRALIAN
GENERAL ELECTRIC

"There's a Hotpoint Appliance for every domestic need!"



"Have you heard
about the **NEW**
MILK CHOCOLATE
LAXATIVE?"

It's called Medi-Chocs and it's made from heart milk chocolate. You can't tell you're taking medicine when you eat a square of Medi-Chocs. What's even better, it's so gentle in action it can't upset even the most sensitive tummies. Medi-Chocs make you feel as fit as a fiddle. Buy a packet from your chemist today.

Medi-Chocs

THE MILK CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE

Each square contains an exact dose of gentle-acting Phenolphthalein.

Sold only
by chemists.



1/9
per packet of
18 squares.

New YOUTHFUL Radiance

new shades...
new finer
texture...
the magic of
TOP-TONE
shade control



Choose from the seven new fashion-perfect shades, created exclusively by Richard Hudnut for Three Flowers Face Powder. One of them is yours... to enhance your natural beauty, to give you spring-bliss fragrance.

And, safeguarded by "Top-Tone" Shade Control, the enchanting shade you choose remains the glorifying shade you wear for hours. Unaffected by skin secretions, Three Flowers won't change colour, streak or cake—one make-up lasts far longer. Wear finer, smoother "Three Flowers"... for satin-smooth complexion loveliness.

Choose your shade to-day from Rachel, Dark Rachel, Tan Rachel, Naturelle, Peach, Cream Brige, Tropical.



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NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS, SYDNEY.

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ANY MOTHER'S SON

"GEE WHIZ —
THE DENTIST
TOLD MUM
I SHOULD CHEW
JUICY FRUIT.

Healthful Juicy Fruit polishes
teeth—helps develop growing
jaws—keeps up good work of
the toothbrush all day.



W.22

HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS CURE

There's Real Comfort
In Every Sip of Hearne's.



COUGHS & COLDS

Oriental setting for new Grable musical

By cable from
LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

JAPAN is the setting for Betty Grable's newest dance-musical-romance "Call Me Mister." The blonde beauty co-stars with Dan Dailey and Mark Stevens in the Fox comedy treatment of the American G.I.'s fight to get back home once the war is over. Lloyd Bacon is the director.

A PIN-UP starlet of the war years, saucy K. T. Stevens, has turned her dramatic talents to the sound stages at Columbia Studio, where she is appearing with Joan Crawford and Wendell Corey in "Lady of the House." The pretty actress-wife of actor Hugh Marlowe will be seen as the young cousin whom Crawford bitterly dominates. Stevens appeared in a B-picture at Columbia back in 1944, and since then has become a highly regarded stage star with Broadway appearances in "Voice of the Turtle," "My Sister Eileen," and "Laura."

AN impressive cast has been lined up by producer Edward Small for his film version of the R. D. Blackmore classic "Lorna Doone." Barbara Hale, who portrayed the wife of Al Jolson in "Jolson Sings Again," has the title role, with British actor Richard Greene as her co-star. Australian leading man Ron Randall as a would-be highwayman, and William Bishop and Ireland's Sean McClory as the principal villains, brothers Carver and Charleworth Doone. Phil Karlson is directing the picture for Small's independent movie company, Resolute Pictures.

LIKE the prodigal daughter, petite Sally Forrest has returned to her discoverers, Ida Lupino and Collier Young. It was for this movie couple that blue-eyed, blonde Sally made her movie debut in "Not Wanted," followed it up with "Never Fear," and so was sprung to stardom and a contract with M.G.M. studio. Now she will star in the Young-Lupino combination's latest picture, "Mother of a Champion." Lupino will direct the drama, the story of a young tennis player's rise to the championships.

THE two stars of many an M.G.M. musical, Gene Kelly and June Allyson, are teamed for a sequence



ON THEIR RAMBLING, 170-horse ranch in San Fernando Valley, Betty Grable and her husband, Harry James, get as much outdoor living as possible before recommencing work. Here they are riding along the dirt road leading from a nearby highway to their ranch.

called "Rosika the Rose," which Charles Vidor will direct. Juvenile star Dean Stockwell, who recently completed the title role in Errol Flynn's "Kim," will appear with pretty Nancy Davis in the "Four Eyes" sequence, with Don Hartman handling the directorial chores. And in the third, Van Johnson and old Edmund Gwenn are to star in "Minister at Hyde Park," the sequence which William Wellman will direct.

DIMPLED Janet Leigh has put the damper on any marriage rumors, as was the case recently when she was seen almost nightly on the arm of Arthur Loew, jun., scion of the wealthy theatre family. The once-married starlet just bought a home with two bedrooms and a big den in West Los Angeles, a move which ordinarily would cause gossip's tongues to start clattering. But this is different. Janet's parents are moving in with her.

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ Adam's Rib

SUGAR, spice, a popular theme, and a polished cast of performers are what make M.G.M.'s "Adam's Rib" an exhilarating burlesque.

The intimate marital atmosphere surrounding Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy is the sugar in the recipe, saucy dialogue and George Cukor's dly direction are the spice. The idea behind the Ruth Gordon-Garson Kanin screenplay—the equality of the sexes—is not exactly new, but makes good, sharp entertainment when combined with all the other ingredients.

Hepburn and Tracy are the individualists who set the pace for the rest to follow. As Adam and Amanda Bonner they play a pair of legal eagles, and a provocative husband-and-wife team.

Amiable as lovebirds within the family circle they become the

battling Bonners in public, when, in support of her equality theory, Amanda defends the case of Judy Holliday, a housewife accused of wounding her two-timing husband. As assistant D.A., Adam is the prosecutor.

In winning the case for her client Amanda almost loses her own husband, with the help of a skilful wolf in crew haircut named David Wayne. We will undoubtedly see more of this amusing young man before long.

Domineering, forthright, then suddenly completely feminine, Katie Hepburn is at her sophisticated best as modern Amanda, while Spencer Tracy is as his fans like to see him.

Admirable backing comes from pretty Judy Holliday, who makes a personal hit as the dumb wife who wouldn't lay the pistol down until tricky husband Tom Ewell is taught his lesson, and from Jean Hagen as the other woman.

In Sydney—the Liberty



VOLATILE, talkative Ronald Reagan, whose speech often reflects touches of the newspaper business for which he trained, gags on the set of Universal's "Louise" with charming veteran, Spring Byington.



AT THEIR BEACH HOME on Lido Isle, at Balboa Harbor, Ray Milland gives pointers on fishing to his tanned son Danny, while Mrs. Milland reads a yachting magazine. Like her husband, she is a sailing fan.

Film stars appear on radio

• CHARLES BOYER (below), for many years theatre and film favorite, appears before the microphone without his toupee for C.B.S., doing "Dinner at Eight."

• VAN JOHNSON (above) in a tense moment during the weekly radio thriller, "Suspense."

• ROSALIND RUSSELL (below), popular personality and artist in "Dinner at Eight."

• OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND (above) smiles for the camera before commencing her lines in a radio version of her film hit, "The Snake Pit."

• OTTO KRUGER (below), whose smooth voice makes him a "natural" for radio, is yet a third personality appearing in "Dinner at Eight."



For children, and their parents too

Gentle, efficient California Syrup of Figs is just as popular with adults as with children. Its delicious flavour appeals to children, and parents know that where a laxative is concerned, only the best is good enough. California Syrup of Figs is an elixir of senna flavoured with the juice of ripe figs—no synthetic cathartics, no harsh chemicals. So it's only natural that mothers for generations have relied on California Syrup of Figs to keep systems regular, dispositions sunny. Always ask for it by name and insist on having CALIFIG—

CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS (CALIFIG)

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**PROTECT
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'HYPOL'

When resistance is low, coughs, colds and chest complaints may prove a serious menace to health. "Hypol" is the safe and sure family medicine to combat these conditions, because it contains pure genuine Cod Liver Oil rich in Vitamins A and D, Calcium and Sodium Hypophosphites which build up bodily resistance to chest complaints and disease and help to fully develop bone, muscle and teeth structure.

Get your bottle from your chemist or store.



THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR

HYPOL



1 CAMP PAEKAKARIKI, New Zealand, is training ground for U.S. Marine squad destined to capture island of Iwo Jima. Men learn hard way from tough, seasoned Sgt. Stryker (John Wayne).



2 TRAINING tactics breed ill-feeling. Pfc. Peter Conway (John Agar) detests Stryker for extravagant praise of late father, Col. Sam Conway, and advice to postpone his wedding.



3 FIGHTING at Tarawa is rugged and the men whom Stryker has trained appreciate his combat acumen and personal courage when they come up against Japan's best Marine force.



4 LULL in offensive sends Corporal Thomas (Forrest Tucker) for ammunition. Men are attacked in absence, but Stryker forbids rescues.

SANDS OF IWO JIMA



ACTION, thrills, and drama characterise this cinema salute to fighting Marines in the Pacific Ocean area during World War II.

One platoon of Marines is singled out to enact the film story, and its history is traced from early combat training through to the storming of Iwo Jima's beaches and the flag-raising incident atop a sandy atoll.

Most striking sequences are those made up of footage taken of actual fighting at Tarawa and Iwo Jima.

A large, effective cast of young players in soldier roles includes Forrest Tucker, Wally Cassell, James Brown, Richard Webb, Arthur Franz as original members of John Wayne's platoon, and several Marine officers, appearing as themselves, contribute solid support.

A Republic production released by 20th Century-Fox.



5 LEAVE in Hawaii shows singer (Julie Bishop) that family unhappiness makes Stryker tough. He begins to thaw.

6 DESPERATE engagement on Iwo Jima proves Conway worthy fighter. He, Stryker, and Ragazzi destroy Jap hold in island.



7 FLAG-RAISING on Mount Suribachi immortalises the capture of Iwo Jima by the United States Marines after bitter, hand-to-hand encounters up the lava-strewn terrain.



8 SHOT by sniper when victory is in hand, Stryker dies after Conway tells him of his complete conversion to his father's ideals and beliefs, and plan to name newborn son after famous parent.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 24, 1950



Laney buying a hat just in my "Youthlyne" by Berlei

"It's too silly for words, but it's just how I felt the moment the Corsetiere fitted my sweet little 'Youthlyne' girdle and matching 'Hollywood-Maxwell' Bra! I felt so young, so light and free, I just wanted to rush out that very moment and buy myself a new hat . . . you know the feeling — I was just bubbling over."

* Illustrated is "Youthlyne" by Berlei. The Brassiere is a "Hollywood-Maxwell" by Berlei, designed to fit four bust fittings.

Ask for a personal fitting at all Better Stores.



More sickness is caused by **DIGESTIVE DISORDERS** than by any other complaint

Figures of sickness benefits paid by the Commonwealth Government show that, of 27,869 males admitted to benefit in six months, 6,160 suffered from diseases of the digestive system, almost twice the number affected by any other complaint.



In the new, handy,
dust-proof, spill-proof pack

GIVE QUICK RELIEF FROM INDIGESTION, ACID STOMACH, HEART- BURN, FLATULENCE and DYSPEPSIA

Dispensed from a scientifically pre-tested formula of British Pharmacopoeia Codex Standard Pharmaceuticals, Quick-Eze neutralise excess stomach acid and, by the rapid action of their Magnesium Trisilicate content, aid in the stabilisation of the digestive system's acid-alkaline balance. Doctors recommend Quick-Eze.

How the 5-point Quick-Eze formula brings rapid relief

One or two Quick-Eze tablets dissolved slowly in the mouth after meals will counteract after-meal discomfort. In cases of painful heart-burn or flatulence, two or three Quick-Eze will give rapid relief. Here is how Quick-Eze acts:

(1) **MAGNESIUM TRISILICATE.** Preferable to other antacids—especially in the treatment of peptic ulcers—because of its adsorptive properties and its even rate of acid neutralization. It helps to restore the stomach's correct acid-alkaline balance.

(2) **CALCIUM CARBONATE.** A valuable antacid for gastric hyperacidity and for gastric and duodenal ulcers. Particularly effective for rapid relief of pain and heart-burn.

(3) **MAGNESIUM CARBONATE.** The magnesium salts change mainly to the soluble bicarbonate, whose immediate action is to relieve pain and congestion in the digestive tract.

(4) **PURE OIL OF PEPPERMINT.** Has a sedative effect on the stomach and relieves gastric and intestinal flatulence. It is also of great value in decreasing the secretion of gastric juices.

(5) **GLUCOSE.** Assists in the prevention of acidosis by raising the glycogen content of the liver. Glucose is well known for its soothing and nerve-steadying qualities.



HANDY FOR POCKET!



HANDY FOR PURSE!

6^d

PER PACKET
EVERYWHERE

QUICK-EZE FOR INDIGESTION

Road To Rio

Continued from page 42

O H, dear, and I have to give notice and do all this explaining, Sarah thought. She flew along the corridor to the screening-room. Phelps-Gray sat, austere and remote, squinting thoughtfully into an illuminated and handsomely balanced pair of ribs.

He looked round and waved her impatiently to the chair by his side.

Her pencil flew. Twice she tried to interrupt, wondering fretfully to herself why doctors had to be so long-winded about simple bronchitis. Finally, she broke in desperately: "Dr. Phelps-Gray—I want to give notice—I'm getting married."

He looked at her reproachfully, then gave his rapt attention to the screen. "Later."

"But it's important—it's such short notice. I'm getting married next Saturday."

"Saturday, eh?" He continued to gaze absently. Then he started. "Saturday!" he said, horrified. "But what shall I do?" The thought startled him into attention. "I thought you weren't getting married until after John's exam?"

"It isn't John," she said. "Not John?" He looked at her as though she had taken leave of her wits. "Then who is it, pray? And why...?"

"It's... It became increasingly difficult to explain about Hamish MacGregor, but somehow she did it. "Hamish MacGregor!" His hands fell in a resounding slap on the arms of his chair. "Now look here," he exploded, "I only told him to look after you, not propose to you."

Sarah looked through the frosted glass windows to the blurred scene outside. "He's coming to take me out to lunch," she said. "He'll tell you all about it."

"He'd better," Phelps-Gray said grimly. He passed a harassed hand over his brow. "But I don't really want to know... I'm too... He bit hard on his sense of affront and, after a pause, added: "Sarah, what's come over you? How could you change about John so quickly? What does he say about it?"

Sarah bent her head over her notebook, trying to control the tremble of her mouth. "He hasn't written. He just went off to Edinburgh without a word—he didn't turn up to the show and he left no message. He hasn't acknowledged the ring I sent back." She looked up defiantly. "It seems to me that one of us had to make a decision—and I've made it."

"Well, I'm..." Phelps-Gray subsided into an incoherent mutter. Suddenly a look of startled horror crossed his face. Just at that moment the office junior burst in, eyes popping out of her head. "Oh... Dr. Phelps-Gray... Mrs. Sangman has just fainted, down in the filing room. I can't—I don't know what to do. She went out like a light..." She quavered into a frightened silence.

Phelps-Gray leaped up and dashed out of the room. "Stay here," he called to Sarah.

Waiting by the desk, Sarah answered the phone, tidied the plates and case sheets, wondering what was wrong with Mollie. Incipient flu, probably. Then she came back to her own problem.

In a few minutes Phelps-Gray came back.

"What's wrong with Mollie?" she asked.

"The patter of little feet," he said. "She's all right now. You'd better go down and get her a cup of tea."

He sat down, distractedly rumpiling his dark hair. "I've got a confession to make, Sarah... John did telephone on Monday evening after you had gone. Said he couldn't make the show as he had to go away suddenly... my flu seems to be responsible for a lot... totally forgot to leave a note for you."

"But..." Sarah turned from the door, thoughts scudding across her mind like clouds before a wind.

If she had known it would have made all the difference in the world. Or would it? John hadn't written; hadn't thought it necessary. That was the point.

Mollie sat on a chair, her face wan. "Oh, Sarah," she said, "what am I going to do?"

"Aren't you glad?" Sarah put her arm round her. "Ted will be delighted, surely... It will be fun—I'll be godmother." She infused a cheery excitement into her tone, repressing the thought that she wouldn't be here to act as godmother.

"It isn't that." Mollie stood shakily. "It's the flat—it's muddily expensive, and we can't afford it without my salary. But we were crazy to get married and have a proper home, so we took it—and now this! I'd be glad, except that I'm worried to death."

"Things will work out," Sarah said confidently. "You'll see—cheer up." But as she installed Mollie at her desk and got her a cup of tea, doubts flooded her mind again. Had she trusted John enough? Had he known better than she? Dear heaven! she thought, what have I done?

The only clear face in her mind now was John's. She saw the laughter in his warm, hazel eyes and the faint twitch of his firm lips when he was amused by something she had said or done. John's face swam before her as she went back to the screening-room—and then when she opened the door of Dr. Phelps-Gray's room John himself was there.

Her dazed eyes tried to focus on him. He swung round. "Sarah—I only got back this morning. I've just got your letter... I came straight here... what is it all about?"

"I—oh, John." She was in his arms, the only place where she wanted to be. She had never realised how much she loved him and had missed him until that moment. "I—didn't get your message—and you didn't write..."

"I know." He smoothed back her hair. "It was very careless of me. I'll never do that again. I was sent off at short notice to get experience on a case. Every day I expected to be able to get back, but was delayed—it was very involved."

JOHN tilted Sarah's face and looked into her eyes. "This settles it," he said. "We're getting married just as soon as we can. I'll have to make sure of you."

They had both forgotten Dr. Phelps-Gray, who removed himself with a loud moan to the corridor.

"Well, we'll fix a date," John said. "He broke off as a murmured altercation came through the half-open door."

John stiffened. He thrust out his chin. "Is that the bloke?" He made for the door. "I'll knock his block off..."

"Please, John." Sarah caught him back and held on tight. The voice argued hotly for a few minutes, then, still protesting, retreated into silence.

Phelps-Gray came back into the room with a smug, relieved smile. "That's fixed it," he said. "I said, may heaven forgive me, you were isolated with something infectious, Sarah. Can't have a row in here, with this valuable equipment... you'll have to sort it out with him later. Get off now, both of you."

Sarah peeped with apprehensive guilt along the corridor to make sure her late suitor had really gone. Later she would have to explain that she really had been suffering from some sort of fever during the past week—only delirium could account for her odd idea that anybody but John could take her to Rio.

(Copyright)

Dress Sense by Betty Keep



TUCKING makes an admirable trim for this frock in dark sheer.

DARK sheers will be high fashion in the early spring, and I have had a design in this material illustrated in response to a reader's request.

Sheer loveliness

"IN October I anticipate going for a holiday, and want to have one good black sheer made to change into at night. I want just a nice, becoming dress, but nothing too ultra as I am 38 years old. My measurements are, bust, 38; waist, 28; hips, 39. Could you publish the design for me? I am sure there are numbers of other women of my age who want a design for a good black frock."

I have had illustrated the design for your black sheer—the dress has becoming lines, is right in fashion, yet is not ultra. Have the dress made over a black taffeta slip. The tucking detail, elbow-length sleeves, and twin pockets on the skirt are good, sound, spring fashion. Note the gores in the skirt are slightly wider at the hemline. This will be more flattering to your figure than a pencil-line line.

Color changes

"WOULD you please suggest different ideas for me to make changes when I wear a rather nice beige woollen dress I have? It is plain, with a fairly straight skirt, long sleeves, and smallish shawl collar."

One costume can be changed considerably by adding different colors. Your beige one-piece could be worn with matching shoes, gloves, and belt for one effect. A second idea would be black and gold accents, with a black patent belt and shoes, plus gold costume jewellery. Coral could make a third color accent in hat and matching gloves.

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Ski styles

"LATELY I have been reading your Dress Sense with interest, and I am going to ask you to write a paragraph on the latest in ski fashions."

There is a big change in ski pants this season. Instead of the narrow knife-edge line of last year, pants are cut close to the seat, small of the back, and hips, and the legs are full.

All-wool gabardine is the number one fabric for skiers. Oxford-grey, navy, and black are for the conservative, French-blue, bright yellow for the non-conservative. Any head-gear with ear-tabs tied under the chin (for ear protection) is a seasonable favorite. The Americans call this type of head covering a "fast cap." Numbers of jackets are styled with bat-wing or dolman sleeves, and quite a few are hooded. The hood can be part of the garment or detachable. Front zipper closings are popular, and inset elastic bands or drawstrings the best-liked waist adjusting treatments.



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Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

Fashion FROCKS

"DELLA."—A smart suit made in British corduroy. The color choice includes bottle-green, dark brown, red, saxe-blue, and tan.

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Cut Out Only: Size 2 years, price 21/-. Postage 1/6 extra. Size 3 years, 22/3. Postage 1/6 extra. Size 4 years, price 23/9. Postage 1/9 extra. Size 5 years, price 24/6. Postage 1/11 extra. Size 6 years, 25/11. Postage 1/11 extra.



"Peter"

"Judith Ann"

● Note: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Fashion Frocks are sent by registered post.

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Rid Kidneys of Poisons and Acids

Your kidneys are a marvelous structure. Within them are 8 million tiny tubes which act as filters for the blood. When poisons and acids attack them you suffer from Interrupted Sleep, Low Pains, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Nerviness, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, etc. Ordinary medicines can't do much good. Cystex rid Kidneys of poisons and acids in 2 hours, therefore a speedy end to kidney discomforts. In 24 hours you'll feel fitter, stronger than for years. Cystex is guaranteed to satisfy or money back. Get Cystex from your chemist or store today. The Guarantee protects you.

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Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism



LONG hair or short?
Blonde or brunette? These two photographs of the same model show how a slight change of hair-styling and coloring can alter the appearance and suggest a different personality. It's all a matter of balance and "rightness."

Women say:

"But could I wear it?"

● Two specialists in feminine beauty trends—M. Louis of New York, and Perc Westmore of Hollywood—have their say in this article on hair-cuts and hair-coloring.

M. Louis says:

CREDITED with reviving the short hair-do, M. Louis still says that it is hard on necks that need protection, and that "some women have to keep pulling their hair down round their ears."

He made this observation while denying any responsibility for what he calls the "sheep-dog look" among women who have had their braids trimmed in a manner not in accord with his ideas of beauty.

"I get phone calls all the time from Hollywood," he said. "Make-up men say 'we have enough trouble with their faces—we're not going to do anything with their hair.'"

"So I tell them just to pull it down a bit or they'll look scrawny."

M. Louis is delighted to take a bow for setting the current trend, but he says that 80 per cent. of the other stylists are responsible for developing the sheep-dog look.

"Back in 1922 the same group developed the scalped appearance—you know, the shingle; practically shaved their heads," he says.

Louis divides hair-styling history into phases—the periods before wars and the periods after wars. Before wars women wear their hair long. After wars they wear it short.

"With the mood comes the mode," he explains.

Next year everybody might be wearing the Imperial or Directoire look, according to this authority.

"Stars in Hollywood are supposed to set a lot of hair fashions, but they are afraid to do anything much to their hair. Lucille Ball came around, for instance, when I was in Hollywood, and wanted all her hair cut off."

"I advised her to retain some softness, and beware of looking like a sheep-dog, and she went off to think it over, while I came to New York. I wonder what she did do."

"But these stylists!" he reiterated. "A grandmother, a mother, and a daughter. They all go in, and come out looking exactly the same."

"People hear that I am responsible and ask me why I do this."

"But no, I say, to each his own. To say I make them all look alike is to give me too much credit. If I could patent a trend I could be as rich as Croesus."

"It's the stylists who copy, copy, copy. Then sheep-dogs."

Perc Westmore says:

TO dye, or not to dye the hair?

Perc Westmore's answer to that one is simply "Never adopt another hair color simply because it is popular, but if the hair is an unbecoming shade, why shouldn't a woman improve her looks by changing the shade of her hair?"

"That is every woman's privilege," he adds, before going on to debunk the hush-hush approach to what is basically a simple beauty routine.

"I am notoriously conservative about make-up," says Westmore, "but I applaud the woman who answers the hair-color question with remarks such as, 'Yes, it is dyed. How do you like the shade?'"

"For dyeing the hair is just as much a part of beauty as applying make-up to the face, and nobody would bother to deny powdering her face, or that the bright color of her lips is due to a preparation called lipstick."

"It is quite a different matter, however, to change natural hair coloring to something that is considered

fashionable. Beauty fads rarely pay-off in glamor for the majority."

"The most common error in hair-dyeing is insistence upon complete uniformity of color on every individual strand," he says. "Such solidity of tone gives an unnatural appearance, for natural hair has variation of color. So should an expert dye job."

"Hair should not be dyed too frequently, the interval between depending upon the growth of the hair. This is another way of saying, when hair at the parting begins to grow in, it is time for a touch-up."

"Don't be afraid to have your hair dyed correctly, but do make quite sure beforehand that it will take the treatment kindly. Sometimes dye actually preserves the hair, operating on much the same principle as painting wood to preserve it. The same thing applies to bleaching. If it is not overdone, the reaction is harmless. However, some hair, due to natural pigmentation, does not take a good bleach or dye."

"Above all, remember that a different hair color will change the appearance and suggest a different personality that may not be pleasing to family and friends."

"In this event I would say leave your hair as it is," says Westmore.

Agnes de Saint-Phalle Mathews

Enchanting New York Debutante, says:

"I love the quick results I get from Pond's Cold Cream. My face responds immediately—feels so much fresher, so delightfully soft and has a very nice glow of color that I specially like."



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"Blush-cleanse" tonight!



1. Rouse your face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream and swirl it in soft, creamy circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.
2. "Blush-rinse." Cream again with snowy soft Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl about 25 more creamy circles over your face. Tissue well.
3. Tingle your face with a splash of cold water. Blot dry.

See your new face! It's radiant! It feels like smooth velvet! Your cheeks full of pink roses! So every night—this complete "blush-cleansing." Every morning—for a bright-awake look—a once-over "blush-cleansing" with your Pond's.

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summer sunshine

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you just add **HOT** milk and sugar!



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WEET-BIX

Vitamin Fortified whole wheat biscuits



All [★] Prettied [★] Up

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

● The simple basic recipes on this page need only a little trimming and decorating to make them sufficiently elegant to grace a party table.

FOR best results weigh or measure accurately. Altering proportions by careless measuring causes poor results which no amount of decorating will disguise! Too much flour makes a dry, crumbly cake; too much—shortening (margarine, butter, or any solid-type cooking fat) or too much liquid will cause a cake to fall; too much sugar makes a tough, heavy cake with a sticky surface.

Shortening and sugar should be creamed together until mixture is soft, white, and fluffy and the sugar almost dissolved.

Using a wooden spoon makes this easier. The bowl may be warmed, but shortening should not be melted.

Flour and other dry ingredients need thorough sifting for even mixing and to incorporate air, which makes for a lighter texture.

Remember all spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

FOUNDATION BAR CAKE

Four ounces margarine or butter, 6oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and vanilla until white, soft, and fluffy. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in (with a down-and-over movement) sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Turn into greased loaf-tin, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., or into 2 bar-tins, first placing a piece of greased paper on bottom of tin. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes for two bar-tins, 45 to 50 minutes for one loaf-tin. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler.

Variations—Cherry Cream Cake (as illustrated): Add 2oz. chopped, drained or crystallised cherries to foundation mixture. When cake is quite cold, cut out a wedge from end to end of top of cake. Fill space with whipped cream (fresh or substitute) flavored with sugar and vanilla. Decorate with whole cherries.

Orange Bar Cake: Cream 1 tablespoon grated orange rind with the shortening and sugar. After adding eggs, stir in 1 tablespoon orange marmalade and 1 tablespoon orange juice. Coat with orange icing when cold.

STEAMED SPONGE PUDDING

Four ounces margarine or butter, 4oz. sugar, flavoring (as suggested below), 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 8 oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar. Add flavoring, then unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Lastly fold in

sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Turn into well-greased pudding-basin, cover with greased paper, and steam 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Or turn into individual-sized moulds, cover with greased paper, and steam 30 to 40 minutes.

Variations—Light Fruit Pudding (as illustrated): To basic mixture add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mixed fruit and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped cherries.

Chocolate Pudding: To basic mixture add 2 tablespoons cocoa, blended smoothly with the milk.

Flavorings: Any of these flavorings may be added after the shortening and sugar have been creamed. Four ounces chopped dates, 4oz. raisins with 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind; 4oz. finely chopped, soaked, and drained, dried apricots with a few drops almond essence; 2 mashed bananas with 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

PLAIN SCONES

Eight ounces self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Sift flour and salt, rub in margarine or butter. Mix to a soft dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Press or roll (with floured fingers or rolling pin) to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness. Cut with

HERE are attractive cakes, cookies, scones, and desserts that make baking day a fresh adventure. All the good things illustrated above are produced from easy, economical recipes. It's the trimmings that make them look so tempting. Best of all, they taste as good as they look!

floured knife or cutter into squares or rounds. Place on lightly floured or greased scone-tray. Brush tops lightly with milk. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 8 to 12 minutes, according to size. If served hot scones should be broken—not cut—open for buttering.

Variations. — Savory Asparagus Scones (as illustrated): Make scones from basic recipe. Prepare 2 cups white sauce; simmer $\frac{1}{2}$ small red pepper for 5 minutes, then dice finely; drain liquor from 1 tin asparagus (reserving liquor for soup). Reserve tips of asparagus for garnishing; chop 2-3rds of balance and mix (with diced red pepper) into white sauce. Split scones open, fill with remaining asparagus. Arrange on serving dish, top with sauce, and garnish with asparagus tips. Serve while still piping hot.

Cheese and Onion Scones: To basic mixture add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon grated onion (prepared on vegetable grater), pinch cayenne pepper, 1 egg-yolk (mixed with the milk). Cook as for plain scones.

BAKED SPONGE PUDDING

Three ounces margarine or butter, 3oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon or orange rind or $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and orange or lemon rind or vanilla. Add unbeaten eggs, mixing well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Turn into greased ovenware dish, bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 35 to 40 minutes. Serve hot with custard.

Variation. — Peach Meringue Layer (as illustrated): Drain tinned or home-cooked peach halves free of syrup. Reserve 5 halves for decorating, chop balance or slice thinly. Arrange in bottom of greased ovenware dish, cover with the sponge mixture. Bake as directed. When cooked, cover top thickly with meringue made by heating 2 egg-whites stiffly then adding 4 table-spoons sugar and beating until sugar is dissolved. Press peach halves into meringue, fill peaches with

meringue. Return to very moderate oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. Decorate with toasted almonds.

DECORATED PATTY CAKES

Prepare mixture as for foundation bar cake. Spoon into greased patty-tins, bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 10 to 12 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Ice and decorate as illustrated.

Variation: Before mixture is cooked press a stoned date lightly into top of each patty.

BASIC BISCUIT RECIPE

Four ounces margarine or butter, 4oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, 8oz. plain flour, pinch salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and vanilla. Add beaten egg and mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, making a firm mixture. Turn on to lightly floured board, knead slightly, roll thinly. Cut into desired shapes, place on greased oven tray. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 7 to 10 minutes or until very lightly browned. Allow to cool on tray, decorate in any of the following ways.

Continued on page 54

MAKE THIS CHOCOLATE DATE CAKE



Here's a cake that will prove a favourite with the whole family—prepared with Bournville Cocoa, the cocoa with the real chocolate flavour. And remember that a little Bournville goes a longer way. It's the economical way to successful chocolate cooking.

Easy to prepare!

8 ozs. flour; 1½ teaspoons baking powder; 3 ozs. dates; ½ teaspoon salt; 4 ozs. butter or margarine; 5 ozs. sugar; 1½ ozs. Bournville Cocoa; 2 tablespoons milk; 2 small eggs.

METHOD

Grease and flour a 6" cake tin. Sieve the flour, baking powder and salt into a basin. Dissolve the cocoa in milk. Stone the dates and cut them into two or three pieces. Rub the butter or margarine into the flour until it resembles fine breadcrumbs, then add the dates and sugar. Make a well in the centre, stir in the beaten eggs, and the milk containing the cocoa. Mix well to blend all the ingredients. Put it into the prepared cake tin, and bake in a moderate oven for 1 hour. Weight of cake when cooked—1 lb. 6½ ozs. This makes 9-10 portions.

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**BOURNVILLE
COCOA**

The cocoa with the real chocolaty flavour.

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—milled FRESH, while the peanuts
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Prizes for these winter dishes...



PRAWN AND POTATO PIES, which win first prize in this week's contest, make a tempting and appetising luncheon or dinner dish. Served with peas and extra prawns as illustrated, they are very satisfying. See recipe below.

FIRST prize of £5 is awarded this week to prawn and potato pies, which are appetising and substantial for wintertime eating.

The prawn filling may be extended with flaked cooked fish. The addition of a small quantity of anchovy sauce or paste will give extra flavor. For party savories prepare in small patty-tins as suggested in recipe, and decorate each with one whole prawn and parsley sprig.

A different and delicious method of preparing lamb cutlets, to be served with sherry-flavored sauce, and apple-ginger scones, which are rich in flavor, win consolation prizes this week.

All spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

PRAWN AND POTATO PIES

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 1lb. prawns, ½ cup lemon juice, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 2 cups mashed creamed potatoes, ½ cup finely grated cheese, lemon wedges, peas, and parsley to garnish.

Knead pastry lightly on floured board, roll thinly. Line 8 individual meat-pie tins or 24 patty-tins with pastry. Decorate edges or cut with fancy cutter. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 7 to 10 minutes for small tarts, and 10 to 12 minutes for larger tarts. Shell prawns, reserving few for garnishing. Combine shelled prawns, lemon juice, and salt and cayenne pepper to taste. Cover bottom of pastry-cases with prawns, then spoon or pipe potato (flavored with salt, pepper, and a little grated onion). Top each with sprinkling of grated cheese and return to moderate oven until reheated and cheese lightly browned. Serve on bed of peas, garnish with prawns, lemon wedges, and parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. Q. Wood, Stamm St., Indooroopilly, Qld.

LAMB CUTLETS ELIZABETH

Seven lamb cutlets, 2 tablespoons sherry, 2 tablespoons flour seasoned with salt and pepper, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, 3 tablespoons fat, creamed potato, 1lb. bacon rashers.

Trim cutlets, wipe with damp cloth. Coat with seasoned flour. Add sherry to egg-glazing, cover each chop completely with the egg-glazing, then toss in breadcrumbs. Fry cutlets in hot fat for 10 to 12 minutes, turning during cooking. Drain, garnish with roll of grilled bacon (rind removed before rolling) on each bone, then top with cutlet frill. Make a mound of potato in centre of serving dish and arrange cutlets around. Garnish with parsley and serve with sherry sauce.

Sherry Sauce: Melt 1 tablespoon

margarine or butter in pan, add 1 tablespoon minced onion, and cook gently 5 minutes. Add ½ cup tomato purée and 6 chopped olives, stir until boiling. Add 1 cup brown gravy or sauce, flavor with salt, cayenne, and sherry to taste, and reheat. Serve piping hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Clifton, 23 Bar Beach Ave., Merewether, N.S.W.

APPLE-GINGER SCONES

Eight ounces flour, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, pinch salt, 2 teaspoons ginger, 1 medium-sized apple, 2 dessertspoons margarine or butter, pinch salt, 2oz. each of sultanas, raisins, and currants, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 3 tablespoons sugar, ½ cup milk.

Sift flour, cream of tartar, ginger, and salt. Rub in margarine or butter, add sugar and fruit. Peel, core, and coarsely grate apple, add to dry ingredients. Dissolve bicarbonate of soda in milk and fold in, making a soft dough. Knead lightly on floured board, press out to ¼ in. in thickness. Cut with floured scone-cutter or knife, place on greased scone-trays, and glaze tops with extra milk. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler and serve with butter and marmalade.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss L. Gregory, 152 Faraday St., Carlton, Vic.

ALL PRETTIED UP

Continued from page 53

Decorated Biscuits (as illustrated):

Join round biscuits with mock cream flavored with orange rind. Top with chocolate icing. Decorate with strips of blanched almonds to form petals of a flower, make centre of piece of jujube.

Join diamond-shaped biscuits with vanilla-flavored mock cream. Top with chocolate icing and decorate with swirls of mock cream.

Join heart-shaped biscuits with strawberry-flavored mock cream. Top with pink icing and decorate with a cherry or strawberry.

Join oblong biscuits with mock cream flavored with coffee essence. Top with vanilla icing and decorate with cherry and strips of angelica.

Join triangular biscuits with chocolate-flavored mock cream. Top with white icing, decorate with mock cream colored green, and icing flowers.

Beat 1 egg-white stiffly, add 2 tablespoons sugar and beat to meringue consistency. Add 1 cup coconut. Color pale green, flavor with almond essence. Place a spoonful on top of biscuit, bake in very moderate oven until topping is set and lightly browned. Decorate with a cherry.

ACTRESS AT 2!



JENNIFER HENRY of Coogee, N.S.W., has just turned four, but already she has been a professional model for 2½ years! What's more, she appeared in a film at the age of two. A tiring life for a little girl, but Jennifer is the picture of health. Mrs. Henry says: "Jennifer has had Vegemite every day since she was six months old and I'm sure it has been a big help in keeping her fit and well". Vegemite is the true yeast extract. It's nearly three times richer in vitamin B₁ than other similar extracts, and it contains no starch. Vegemite is tastier too, and it's more economical.

V06

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- ★ **COLDS**
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Obtainable
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NORTHERN aspect of Dr. and Mrs. R. K. Rae's home, Wahroonga, N.S.W., where winter sun pours on to terrace and invades the rooms throughout the day.

Superbly designed home

It takes a clever brain to plan a home that is warm and comfortable in winter and is cool as any house can be during the hot months of the year.

Such a house is pictured on these pages. Set on level plot in Wahroonga Avenue, Wahroonga, N.S.W., this attractive tree-lined home was planned by architect G. H. McDonnell for Dr. and Mrs. R. K. Rae and their three sons, Ian, David, and John.

The most spectacular room of the house is the 20 x 36ft. living-room, which, by reason of its north and south walls of sliding and folding doors of glass, becomes a superb breeze-way in summer, and a solar room in winter. Terraces and lawns increase liveability of the home.



ALL FURNITURE in main bedroom is built in, with the exception of dressing-table stool. Drawers under beds allow extra storage space, and one wall consists entirely of built-in cupboards. Chair upholstery and bedspreads are of soft beige Roman satin toning with mauve-grey carpet. Wall lights are conveniently placed above long mirror of suspended dressing-table.

FRENCH HANDKNIT NIGHTGOWN

KNIT yourself a gown like this and you'll luxuriate in warmth without extra blankets. For superb comfort wear it over the lightest of your summer nighties.

Materials: 19 skeins "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool (this is the only wool which should be used), shade No. 2162 (Bitter Sweet); 1 pr. No. 10 needles; press studs; 1 crochet hook.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 54in.; bust, 32-34in.; waist, 27in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; tog, together; m, make; cont, continue; rep, repeat; inc, increasing, increased.

Tension: 7 sts., 1in.; 9 rows, 1in.

SKIRT (2 pieces)

Using No. 10 needles, commence at waist and cast on 141 sts.

1st Row: K 5, * k twice into next st., k 9, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k twice into next st., k 5.

P 1 row. Cont. in st-st. for 2½in.

Next Row: K 6, * k twice into next st., k 10, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k twice into next st., k 5.

P 1 row. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 5in.

Next Row: K 6, * k twice into next st., k 11, rep. from * to last 7 sts., k twice into next st., k 6.

P 1 row. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 7½in.

Next Row: K 7, * k twice into next st., k 12, rep. from * to last 7 sts., k twice into next st., k 6.

P 1 row. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 10in.

Next Row: K 7, * k twice into next st., k 13, rep. from * to last 8 sts., k twice into next st., k 7.

P 1 row. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 12½in.

PRETTY COMFORT. To make you warm, to make you attractive, a Paris designer created this bedtime handknit with clever top that gracefully caps your shoulders.



TOP

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 61 sts.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 1, * m 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 2 rows for 46in. Cast off. Stitch shaped edges together. Drape around top of waistband as shown in illustration.

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 38 sts.

K 1 row.

P 1 row.

K 1 row.

Cast off. Make 4 more pieces the same and stitch on to top of nightdress as shown in illustration.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Work 3 rows of d.c. along back of side opening and 1 row along front. Sew on press studs.



LIVING - ROOM
and dining area:
Two walls of room
consist almost en-
tirely of sliding
and folding glass doors,
which give illusion
of greater spacious-
ness.

Carpet is French-
grey. Chairs are
webbed with cinna-
mon-colored canvas
straps.

Cream embossed
curtains through-
out house were
specifically chosen
so that spacious
effect be retained.
Ivory walls support
off-white ceiling.
Built-in cupboards
and drawers at din-
ing end also acces-
sible from kitchen.



THIS VIEW of Dr. and Mrs.
R. K. Roe's home was taken in-
side gates of drive. Home was
designed to make every possible
use of space available to avoid
any appearance of cramping.
Maroon-colored front door has
plain glass panels on either side
to give light to entrance hall. A
touch of color is added to ivory-
colored walls by red-tiled roof
and blue shutters.

LEFT: Southern aspect of house.
In this picture, taken from the
roofed porch, which provides a
cool retreat in summer, you look
right through living-room to the
paved terraces and spacious
lawns on northern side of house.

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delicious
assortment of
12 fine-quality
chocolates . . .



The only
chocolate block with
these 4 luscious centres.

1. "STRAWBERRY CREAM"

A delicious taste-sensation of
freshly-picked strawberries.

2. "CREAM CARAMEL"

A rich, creamy caramel-flavour
which lingers on your tongue.

3. "FRUIT SUNDAE"

An exciting blend of choice,
fresh-fruit flavours.

4. "TURKISH DELIGHT"

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alike from cold and
overheating.

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(Reg'd)

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



No. 363.—WAIST BLOUSE
A smart waist blouse traced with the initial and cut out ready to make and embroider in rayon, crepe-de-chine, in white, pale blue, and pale pink. Also in Angio-shene in white, lemon, pink, sky-blue, and green. Sizes: 32in. to 34in. bust, 16/11; postage 1/6. To 36in. bust, 17/9; postage 1/6.

No. 364.—LAYETTE
Layette cut out ready to make and embroider in cream flannel, cream crepe, or rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pale blue, and pale pink. Material: Flannel—Prock 3/4; postage 1/4; crepe, 1/4; petticoat, 3/4; postage 1/4; complete set, 17/3; postage 2/6. Crepe—Prock 13/11; postage 1/4; petticoat, 3/4; postage 1/4; complete set, 44/6; postage 2/6. Crepe-de-chine—Prock 12/11; postage 1/4; petticoat, 7/11; postage 1/4; complete set, 44/6; postage 2/6. Crepe-de-chine—Prock 12/11; postage 1/4; petticoat, 7/11; postage 1/4; complete set, 44/6; postage 2/6.

TO ORDER:
Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 49.



No. 365.—OVERALLS
Unusual and comfortable type of overalls for the tiny tot. Cut out ready to make in wool crepe in fawn, green, rose, and sage-blue. Sizes: Length, 29in., 2yrs., price 14/3; postage 1/4. Length, 31in., 3yrs., price 15/6; postage 1/4. Length, 33in., 4yrs., price 16/11; postage 1/4. Length, 37in., 5-8yrs., price 17/9; postage 1/4. Length, 41in., 7-8yrs., price 18/9; postage 1/4.

When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 363, 364, 365, and 366, please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted. All Needlework Notions over 5/11 are sent by registered post.

No. 366.—GUEST TOWELS
Traced ready to embroider on cream Irish linen and also sheer linen in pastel blue, lemon, pink, green, maize, and white. They measure 17in. by 34in. Price, 5/11 each, postage 4/6d. Set of three, 16/11, postage 8/6d.



Fashion PATTERNS

F6053.—Beginner's pattern for a figure-flattering petticoat slip. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. material and 1 1/4yds. lace edging. Special price, 1/2.

F6002.—Girl's smart bolero suit. The pattern does not include blouse. Sizes 30, 32, 34, and 36in. lengths for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2yds. 34in. material. Price, 1/11.

F6008.—Gay contrast dress features slim lines and interesting pocket treatment. Sizes 32 to

36in. bust. Requires 2 1/4yds. 34in. material and 3yds. 36in. contrast. Price, 1/11.

F6009.—Charmingly different design for a moon-to-mid-day dress. Slim skirt has soft floating panel. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 2 1/4yds. 34in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 1/11.

F6010.—New lines for a one-piece with a low-cut neckline, buttoned cuffed sleeves, and petgot skirt. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 2 1/4yds. 34in. material. Price, 1/11.



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